THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 33. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A GORIOUS ANNIVERSARY.

Celebration of the Twin Victories of Yellow Ford and Curlew Pass,

By the United Irish Societies of This City at Ogden Grove on Wednesday.

A Magnificent Gathering of Irish Men and Women, Who Have Not Forgotten the Glories of the Motherland.

Eloquent and Patriotic Speeches by Messrs. Frank Agnew, M. P. Brady, W. H. Joyce, M. V. Gannon, A. L. Morrison and Others.

A strong, cold northwest wind, and cloudy morning, ushered in Aug. 15, at Ogden Grove, where the United Irish Societies celebrated with enthusiasm the victories of the Yellow Ford and Curlew Pass, gained by O'Neill and O'Donnell over the armies of Elizabeth at the end of the sixteenth century. The grounds began to fill early in the day, with the men and women of the Irish race, and games and pastimes occupied their attention, for the most part, until the arrival of the speakers in the afternoon.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, N.M., chief orator of the day, accompanied by Mr. William McCoy, chairman of the reception committee; Mr. Frank Agnew, chairman of the afternoon meeting; Mr. John J. Mahony, president of the United Irish Societies; Mr. John Dowling; Mr. M. P. Brady; Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Gannon and Miss Gannon, and some others left McCoy's European Hotel at 2 o'clock for the grounds. They were escorted by a battalion of the Clanna-Gael Guards, under Major Buckley, and a battalion of the Seventh Infantry, I.N.G., under Maj. Carroll. On reaching the grove, Mr. Morrison was warmly greeted by a host of old friends with whom he was associated during his residence in this city.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

At 4 o'clock, the people began to assemble around the speakers' stand, situated in the north end of the grounds and beautifully decorated with American and Irish colors. The martial notes of the admirable Seventh Regiment Band summoned them to listen to words of wisdom and patriotism from eloquent lips.

Among those present were noticed P. V. Fitzpatrick, J. Markey, William Gavin, John Ansbro, Hugh Gleason, M. J. Kelly, Frank Agnew, J. F. O'Connor, J. T. Gibbons, Arthur Donoghue, H. Gibbons, M. Whalen, William Joyce, J. J. O'Connell, J. Moffit, M. O'Connor, John F. Finerty, William Powell, D. L. Barry, P. Hannigan, J. Hefferuan, D. O'Connor, F. McGuire, J. Walsh, M. Heeney, Francis T. Colby, B. Sullivan, Martin Mulcahy, J. P. Casey, P. Coakley, P. O'Brien, M. Waldron, J. J. Kennane, J. Sullivan, J. E. Finnegan, J. T. Hawkins, M. S. Hyland, M. W. Gleason, James McLennan, T. Boyland, M. McGuire, T. H. Clifford, T. Ahern, J. McNiff, A. McCarthy, P. Scott, D. J. Delaney, P. Loftus, J. McLaughlin, B. Quinn, James Ahearn, D. J. Deasey, M. Fitzgerald, T. O'Neil Jones, Charles Barry, J. Ryan, Charles Brady, J. E. Long, T. Mulcahy, T. F. McCarthy, John Cronin, Peter Doyle, W. Carmody, T. McGinness, M. McDonough, James Brennan, T. Fitzgerald, John T. Keating, P. B. Flanagan, F. Conroy, M. Finegan, Charles Canty, W. Houlihan, J. McNulty, M. Moran, E. Munhall, E. S. Cummings, T. Shannon, A. Crane, P. Huges, M. Foley, James Gubbins, P. C. Desmond, H. K. Jordan, J. McGovern, A. J. Ford, J. S. McCarthy, James O'Toole, J. McCaffrey, P. Breen, M. Devine, John Murphy, M. Mullens, J. T. Clark, P. J. Gibbons, P. Kealey, E. Cosgrove, J. Powers, P. Cunningham, Charles Reed, W. J. Doherty, L. Heuely, P. L. McArdle, M. V. Gannon, J. Gibbons, M. Lamb, J. Dwyer, P. O'Brien, I. Sheridan, J. Dowling, L. R. Buckley, E. E. Walsh, T. Cullinane, J. Moynihan, J. J. Brennan, T. Burke, William McCoy.

Mr. Frank Agnew, after being introduced by President Mahoney, took the chair, and introduced Mr. P. B. Flanagan, who read the address of the Executive Committee. It was as follows:

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS—There has been no period in the more recent history of the Irish struggle for independence when we could address you with words of less satisfaction. Within the brief space of a few years the hopes that rose so proudly have been lowered by disappointment and defeat. Were the fate of Ireland to rest solely on moral force effort, we should be inclined to despair of final success, but, fortunately, the most vital element of our race looks to other means for the achievement of Irish independence. Although Ireland alone and unaided, could not, under existing conditions, be expected to make a successful physical battle for her rights, still the ever thickening combinations that must some day involve the British empire in strife with powerful rivals, gives us hope that the long sought for opportunity may arise sooner than is dreamt of in the philosophy of English statesmen.

"Already every effort of the British cabinet is directed toward the preservation of peace. In the present struggle between the two great Asiatic powers, China and Japan, for the control of Corea, the English foreign office has begged for the neutrality of the great European powers. The greedy eyes of Great Britain behold, in anticipation, fresh additions to her Oriental empire, but she does not forget that Russia, Germany, France and the United States have interests involved which must balk her ambition. She fears that if either of these great powers were to take sides, her interest in India and elsewhere in Asia would be placed in jeopordy, and she knows she is in no condition to fight to the purpose while discontented and resentful Ireland remains as a thorn in her side. If Ireland has achieved nothing else by her stubborn struggle for legislative independence, she has surely placed England under bonds to keep the peace with nations of the first and second class, and has confined her "conquests" and her bullying to insignificant peoples, or scattered savage tribes. Even in these conflicts England has not covered herself with glory, and the Boers, the Zulus, and the Arabs of the Soudan laugh in derision at the mention of British powers. Majuba Hill, Rorke's Drift and Khartoum are not names calculated to fill the mind of the British soldier with inspiring memories. England, since the capture of Delhi, has not performed a military act worthy of a first-class power. Since 1857, in one form or another, the Irish Wolf Dog has hung upon the Lion's flank, baffled, but ever watchful, and in every controversy with a rival of magnitude England finds that Ireland, in the words of Gladstone, still "blocks the way."

"We view with regret a tendency in a certain section of Irish political leaders to lean too much upon the alleged good will of the Whig party, which has never yet been true to its promises, and we sincerely condemn the deplorable factious spirit which divides the leaders of the visible Irish movement in Great Britain and Ireland and leaves both sections powerless in the face of the common enemy.

"We deeply sympathize with the humane movement, started in Ireland and seconded in this country, for the release of the Irish political prisoners, convicted on insufficient or trumped up evidence, and who have now endured a larger punishment than that usually meted out to English criminals convicted of offenses of a kindred character. We recommend to the Irish people everywhere a more thorough union and amalgamation for Irish national purposes, on the broad basis laid down by the United Irishmen of the last century, and further indorsed by Thomas Davis, John Mitchel, Thomas Francis Meagher, William Smith O'Brien and other leaders of the Young Ireland movement in the middle of this century.

"We believe that the independence of Ireland cannot be achieved until Irishmen of all races and creeds and conditions unite against the oppressions and usurpations of England, and, to this end, we believe in keeping wholly in the background everything that might tend to arouse race or religious animosity among the Irish people, at home and abroad. We hope the day is not far distant when the Protestant yeoman or operative of Down or Antrim may be as thoroughly Irish as the Catholic farmer or mechanic of Dublin, Tipperary or Mayo. Our divisions have been our curse. Even weakened numerically as she is, England could not hold in bondage a United Ireland.

"Since we last had the honor of addressing you, there has departed from among us one whom all of you loved and honored—our good and true friend and comrade, Daniel Corkery. Although not born on the soil of Ireland, he brought to her cause a pure spirit and a devoted heart. We mourn him also as an American citizen whose career in this city did honor to the influence of the free institutions of America on the human character. Daniel Corkery, self made, self contained, and loving his neighbor as himself, has left behind him an example of probity, energy and benevolence which will be a lasting monument to his memory.

"We hope that when the next annual demonstration is held in Chicago, the dark clouds that now obscure the sky of Irish hope may be swept away by the breath of liberty, and that we may behold a thoroughly united people arrayed under the national flag of Ireland, marching steadily in the direction of final victory."

The mother of O'Neill Ryan, who was to have spoken in the afternoon, sent a telegram expressive of deep regret that her son was unable to be present, owing to severe illness.

Mr. Agnew then introduced Mr. M. P. Brady, who spoke with his usual animation and vigor. In part he said: "Nowhere in this country does hearts beat with such loyalty as those of Celtic blood. Who were the traitors of this country? Benedict Arnold was not of Irish blood. The Tories of the revolution were not Irish. Well may the Irish American stand shoulder to shoulder with the people of this country, asserting their rights to share the same privileges. Today the clouds hang heavily and black over the land of our origin. The evicted tenants bill was passed by the house of commons, but it was killed by the hereditary tyrants, the house of lords, who are strangers to humanity. Let it not dishearten us; every cut by the lash of tyranny quickens the pulse of liberty. If you are of the heroic men you are descended from, renew the determination to trample on its accursed neck. Let this last stroke intensify the determination to resist to the last. Let not the sons and daughters of Irish blood come to the degrading conclusion that we have too much to do with Ireland. If you do you will be spit upon. You will be treated with contempt. Tyranny always takes advantage of weakness. In this republic, where we enjoy all the privileges of life, let there be no one to succeed us in our devotion to the constitution. It is the palladium of liberty. We love it and reverence it, and we will take care of the foe that assails it. In the warm Celtic blood America has a temple erected to her. In the matter of religion, every man has a right to worship as he chooses, and he should not be coerced in that privilege. We should be one grand union regardless of creed."

The afternoon proceedings then terminated.

THE EVENING MEETING.

The attendance at the speakers' stand in the evening was, if possible, larger than that of the afternoon. The platform was thronged with people, and a sea of humanity spread out around it on three sides. The chair was taken by Mr. William H. Joyce, and the address was read by the Hon. Miles Kehoe. He was followed by the Hon. M. V. Gannon, who spoke most eloquently, as he always does, and who received a meed of applause that must have been grateful to his heart. At the conclusion of his remarks he received quite an ovation.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison was then introduced, and delivered, amid almost constant interruptions of applause, a magnificent address on the career of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the Wallace and Bruce of Ireland. He dealt rapidly with Irish history from the invasion of the Normans, briefly sketched the achievements of Shane O'Neill, the Proud, and then, coming to his subject proper, spoke in substance as follows:

MR. MORRISON'S ADDRESS.

The early life of the great Prince of Ulster was puzzling to the last degree. His tortuous policy must have been a sore trial to his impetuous comrades who were straining like chained tigers to rush upon the invader, and drive him from "the fair hills of holy Ireland." At one time we find O'Neil in the court of Elizabeth wearing the silken frippery of the English nobles, bending his princely head beneath the degrading weight of a coronet and wearing around his manly waist the belt of an earl; then we see him among the Nobles of the Pale, doing homage to the Lord Deputy, and yet again he is heading his cavalry against the gallant Desmonds. During these years he was carrying in his heart the remembrance of his people's wrongs, and while he was winning the good graces of the enemy, he was laying broad and deep the plans which would have driven the invader from our shores if the other chiefs had been able to understand his grand idea of a united, independent Irish nationality. So much confidence had Elizabeth Tudor in the able, astute O'Neil that she sent him down into Ulster with authority to raise and equip a body of troops limited to six companies, to be used in establishing English rule in Ulster and banishing therefrom the ancient laws of Tanistry and descent as administerd by the Brehons. Now, after long years of waiting and humiliation, the day so long prayed for had come at last.

No time was lost in vain delay. Men were organized, disciplined, and sent home, while their places were quietly filled by others, and though he never had more than the alloted six companies at one time, he soon succeeded in drilling thousands of men ready for action. It so happened, too, at this time that the roof of his house in Dungannon was badly out of order, and some lead was needed to put it in a proper state of repair. So reasonable a request made to the queen, as the importation of the necessary material, could not be refused. So large invoices of lead began to arrive, until the suspicions of the English were aroused. "Surely," says Mitchel in his inimitable Life of Hugh O'Neil, which ought to be in every Irish household, "surely the roofing of that house of Dungannon will not need all those shiploads of lead—lead enough to sheet Glenshane, or clothe the sides of Cairntocher. And indeed, a rumor does reach the deputy in Dublin that there goes on at Dungannon an incredible casting of bullets." Much negotiation was necessary with the Ulster Chiefs before the commencement of actual hostilities. Many were the old feuds existing among them, and they must be healed or condoned. Then it was that the cool, sagacious brain of O'Neil was at its best. Deadly enemies were brought together and converted into warm friends. The cold were fired with patriotic ardor, the impulsive were restrained, the doubting filled with hope, arms provided, discipline progressed, stores of food gathered, and every preparation which a wise and prudent General could make was made.

At last, when all else was ready, O'Neil missed from his side the gallent Hugh Roe, who was still immersed in that accursed old bastile on the Liffey. But one bright day the joyful news came on the swift wings of the south wind: Red Hugh has escaped and is hastening with loosened rein and bloody spurs to the home of his fathers. And so it was. At Christmastide the fearless boy—and in years he was but a boy—with Henry and Art O'Neil, sons of Shane, escaped in the midst of a fierce snowstorm and, hotly pursued by the baffled, enraged Saxon jailors, made their way to the Wicklow mountains, where Hugh and Henry—poor Art had died from cold and hunger—were found almost famished by some of the clansmen of the heroic Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne, the victor of Glendalough. It is needless to say that they were well and tenderly cared for. A long detour was necessary to avoid the strongholds of the enemy, but they were all safely passed, and in the early spring the two Hughs, the hope of Ireland and terror of the foe, were clasped in each other's arms. All the feuds and heartburnings were forgotten by those generous hearts, and the future with all its glorious hopes was before them. Little time, however, was spent in rejoicing, sterner duties were before them, and in a few days Red Hugh, escorted by a troop of O'Neil's cavalry, started on his joyous way to Tyrconnel. Now hark to the wild cheers of the hardy clansmen as they crowd around the beloved young hero, hill and glyn and vale resounds with the stormy welcome, the glad waves are covered with crowded boats hastening to Donegal to join in the general joy, war pipes and bugle horns mingle with manly voices in chanting the dreaded slogan of the north:

Loudly the note of the trumpet is sounding!

The first pounce made by Red Hugh was on a body of English who had taken the Franciscan monastery at Donegal by surprise. The garrison hesitated not on the order of going, but went at once, leaving all the spoils they had taken behind them. Early in the ensuing year Hugh's father resigned the chieftaincy to his son, who was formally installed as "The O'Donnell." Now the rod of power was in worthy hands, and Tyrconnell began to recover its ancient glory. Hugh O'Neil had formally renounced his paltry earldom and was proclaimed "The O'Neil" with all the solemn ceremonies which had been observed for over a thousand years. In the spring of 1594, just three hundred years ago, Red Hugh laid siege to Enniskillen and blockaded it until the following August, when news reached the camp that a large body of English was marching from Connaught to raise the siege. O'Donnell had gone to Derry to meet a reinforcement of Scotch auxiliaries and had not returned, but nothing daunted, MacGuire, who commanded in his absence, advanced to meet the foe, chose his own ground, and after a fiercely contested fight lasting all day drove the enemy broken and demoralized back to Connaught, leaving bag and baggage behind; this included all the bread and other stores which had been brought to victual the garrison of Enniskillen, and so great was the capture of hard bread that till this day the battleground is called the "Ford of Biscuits." The Saxons never halted until they reached Sligo. But I must pass over many stirring incidents, as time is pressing, and merely remark that the bloody right hand of Ulster now floated over the towers of Dungannon in open, haughty defiance.

Leaving O'Neil to carry on the war in Ulster, Red Hugh swept into Connaught, driving the English into their walled towns, "putting to death every man who could not speak Irish," say [illegible] English tongue were enemies, and as such were treated as they had a right to expect. Their only objects were plunder, spoliation, and murder, and the misfortune was that they did not all meet the murderer's doom. In Ulster the war was prosecuted with vigor. Gen. Norreys with a large army was on the march to raise the siege of Monaghan, which was closely invested, and O'Neil now for the first time determined to meet the enemy in the open field. With this end in view, he prudently chose his battleground on the bank of a stream which flows through low hills near Clontibret, and about five miles from Monaghan. Here the Irish clans calmly awaited the approach of the English, who crossed the stream at once. A deadly fire from the patriot works caused a halt to rally the disordered ranks. At that moment O'Neil, at the head of his cavalry, charged at headlong speed, the English gave way and retreated across the stream. After some time spent in reinforcing and encouraging his men, Norreys, who was a brave and skillful officer, again passed the river, but was again driven back, this time in disorder, himself and his brother being severely wounded. Scarcely had O'Neil's troops regained their works, when a select body of English cavalry, led by an officer named Segrave, a man of herculean stature, charged fiercely on Tyrone's horse. And now was enacted a scene which brings us back to the days of chivalry and romance.

As soon as the two leaders caught sight of each other, all meaner foes were forgotten, and with lances in rest they charged on each other. As if by mutual consent, both armies rested on their arms and gazed breathlessly at the coming strife; nor had they long to wait. The shock was terrible, both lances were splintered on the breastplates of the gallant knights, but neither was unseated. Instantly the horses are wheeled, and Seagrave, dashing full upon his antagonist, endeavored to unhorse him by sheer weight and force, but he reckoned without his host. O'Neil was ready, and

"Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain cat who guards her young,
Full at the Saxon's throat he sprung.
Received but recked not of a wound
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's arm is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel.
They tug, then strive, down, down they go,
O'Neil above, Seagrave below;
The Chieftain's grip his throat compressed,
His knee is planted on his breast,
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright."
An instant, and 'tis bathed in gore—
The Saxon leader is no more.

The name of this officer would never have reached us if he had not been immortalized by falling under the steel of the Prince of Ulster. As O'Neil staggered to his feet, a cheer which shook the surrounding hills greeted him for his splendid victory; then, covered as he was with blood and dust, he sprang upon his horse, galloped to the front of his men, who received him with wild yells of "Lamh dearg Aboo," and then like a mountain torrent swept through and over the English cavalry, who waited not to meet the onset, but galloped in wild disarray across the fatal stream, carrying off their wounded leader, but leaving the bloody banner of St. George in the hands of the victorious Irish, who followed the broken ranks of the enemy for miles until night forbade further pursuit. Even after the pursuit ceased Norreys retreated away to the South, leaving the garrison of Monaghan to its fate. A few days thereafter the town and castle surrendered unconditionally, and the first campaign concluded gloriously and triumphantly for the cause of Ireland and Liberty! The glad tidings sped from mouth to mouth, beacon fires blazing on every hill banished the darkness, couriers spurred impetuously day and night, the clans answering their call were mustering in every glen, ready for battle.

From the wild coasts of Raherry and Fairhead to the Wicklow Mountains and away westward to the bold headlands of Connaught the children of the Gael were in arms. No time is left to even glance at the victories of Tyrrell's Pass and Drumfluich. Red Hugh was now in his glory, and actually seems to have been ubiquitous. After defeating Sir Conyers Clifford in Connaught and driving him for thirty miles through the mountains, we find him side by side with O'Neil at Portmore, where the picked troops of Tyr-Owen and Tyr-Connell, reinforced by the Antrim claus under Shamus M'Donnell, met Kildare, De Burg, Sir Francis Vaughan, Generals Waller and Turner, all of whom were killed and their armies routed with terrible slaughter. The entire English army now retreated to the Pale, where but little rest awaited them, for the O'Byrnes and the O'Moores were on the war path, and it is said that the smoke of their burnings darkened the air of Dublin. But now the tide of battle rolls westward again, where we find Red Hugh guarding the passes of the Curlew Mountains, aided by MacDermot, lord of the Curlews, MacSweeney of the battle axes, and other brave chiefs. Sir Conyers Clifford, the so-called President of Connaught, was preparing a force of 2500 infantry and 300 horse for the invasion of Ulster, and woe betide O'Neil if this force ever strikes him in flank or rear when he has in his front the lords and knights of the Pale. But little trouble did Sir Conyers give him, for his best and truest friend was keeping vigilant watch and ward over the enemy's movements, and well he knew that before Clifford could reach him he would have to pass over the corpses of Hugh Roe and his [illegible]

At this time Hugh O'Donnell was only 26 years of age, and had been chief of his clan for seven years. Long before his chin bore a beard he had met and beaten England's ablest officers. He was a natural soldier; born in the camp, living constantly in the field, trained in all the arts of war by steady and unremitting practice, an adept in all the wiles and stratagems of the times, and capable of enduring the severest privations. His tactics were the despair of the enemy, who never knew when he was coming or in what direction, the first indications of his presence being when he burst like a mountain torrent on their sleeping camps at night, or struck their scattered ranks in some rugged pass by day. A wise adviser in council, a genial companion in camp, and a stern, unbending commander in the field. Such was Hugh Roe O'Donnell. When we say that to the wrongs of his country he added his long years of imprisonment, we can easily understand what his feelings of hatred were for his own and his country's enemies. Well and truly did he justify his Prince's confidence in him. Even now, when he was dilligently preparing to dispute the enemy's passage, Clifford was utterly oblivious of his presence and believed he had only to try conclusions with MacDermot and the local clans who lay in his path; too late will he discover his fatal error.

August 13, 1599, dawned clear and pleasant and found Clifford advancing on Boyle, which lies at the foot of the Curlews and within easy striking distance of any opposition he might meet in the mountains. Two roads lay Ulsterwards, one of them a circuitous path which was seldom chosen by an army marching north or south, the other was much easier and more direct. But the Irish chief was alive to every chance of war, so he placed a guard of 300 men in the most rugged pass of the less used road, with orders to harass the English advance if they chose that road, and report at once to him. Then he turned his attention to the road which Sir Conyers was most likely to take. Here he ordered trees to be cut and left just as they fell to obstruct the road, and in a narrow defile he built a solid barricade, which could be defended for hours against the heaviest odds. Evening was closing on the 14th when this work was completed and the sound of heavy firing from the direction of Boyle announced the arrival of the President's army. Salutes were being fired to welcome him. It was raining heavily, and the English were wet and weary at the end of their long march. Judging from his own impetuous nature that Clifford would only make a short halt and then attack him at night, Red Hugh waited impatiently for the approach of the enemy, but being advised by his scouts that there were no indications of an advance before morning, he left a small force to guard the barricade and led the main force back to camp, some miles in the rear, for rest and refreshment, and silence fell on hill and dale. Scarce had Red Hugh departed when three traitors, for some real or fancied grievance, silently stole from the barricade and, hastening to Boyle, informed Clifford that the pass was undefended and that now was the time to advance.

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave!"

This was the first intimation Clifford had of Red Hugh's whereabouts, and eagerly he hailed the opportunity of taking the wary chief by surprise. Not a moment was lost in arousing the sleeping men. Amid the rain and darkness the enemy were on the march, and thus far all went well with Clifford, and just as morning broke he entered the mountains. But though the great body of Hugh Roe's army were asleep, bright and sleepless eyes and ears were on the alert, watching every move of the enemy, and before the advance guard left Boyle swift riders were in the saddle, bearing the news to the Irish camp. Red Hugh immediately ordered breakfast for the whole army, and in a few minutes the camp was full of life and preparation. MacDermot of the Curlews, with 600 gunmen and archers, reinforced by 160 tall gallowglasses clad in chain armor, under Brian Ogue of the battle axes, was ordered to march and hold Clifford's advance guard in check, but when hard pressed to fall back leisurely upon the main army. And so opened Lady Day in 1599. MacDermot knew every inch of the ground and hastened to occupy the Boher Bog wood, which lay right in the enemy's way. Here he rested until coming along the road in his front, the bright helmets and morions of the enemy came in full view. This was Clifford's advance under Alex Radcliffe, son of the Earl of Sussex. Well had it been for this sprig of nobility if he had remained in his mother's silken drawing-room instead of coming to the Curlews on that wet morning. MacDermot restrained his men until the enemy were within easy range, then the word was given and a volley of bullets saluted Ratcliff's front. Having passed O'Donnell's unguarded barricade Clifford believed that this wood was the only serious obstacle in his way, and Ratcliffe was strictly ordered to take it at all hazards and bravely he obeyed. Rallying his men he formed them in columns of attack and regardless of the fire in front dashed into the wood, leaving many stout fellows on the ground behind him. As the enemy advanced MacDermot slowly withdrew, according to his orders, and emerged from the wood just as Ratcliff entered it. With shouts of triumph the English dashed through the wood and debouched on the other side. Here a scene presented itself which rather tamed their valor. Right in front lay a wide bog, and beyond that a rising ground on which the Irish were again waiting for Ratcliff as coolly as if this was their first encounter, while behind and above them stood the statuesque figures of Brian Ogue O'Rourke's gallowglasses. Reserving their fire again, until the enemy had passed through the bog and were beginning to climb the hill, the clansmen delivered their fire full in the faces of the advance which halted and settled down to work. An [illegible] they had the advantage of greater numbers and better weapons; so for some time they kept up their fire, advancing slowly.

Red Hugh waited impatiently for MacDermot's call for help, and was ready to move at an instant's notice, but the daring lord of the Curlews, although hard pressed, began to think that he could take care of Sir Conyers himself. If by rapid firing he could create some confusion in the advance guard and throw them back on the centre, which was now in sight, a bold charge might put the enemy to flight; and then he had great confidence in the patriotism of an Irish bog, whose yawning holes afforded ample space for Saxon graves. True the enemy had nearly 3,000 men and he had less than 800; true also if he failed he had to meet the fiery wrath of Red Hugh. But "nothing venture, nothing win," and he took the desperate chance. Very slowly he descended, carefully guarding his flanks the while, and every step gave his gunmen better and surer aim at the English who were now firing with but little effect. Now they began to waver, the treacherous ground becoming more and more slippery. Soon they began to give way in disorder, falling back on the main body. Now was MacDermot's chance, and boldly did he avail himself of it, and the word was given to charge. Gallantly was the order obeyed, and down swept the bold 600, pressing the enemy closely and pouring volley after volley in the now disorganized mass.

Ratcliff did all a good soldier could to rally his men, but in vain; wounded as he was he pressed through the cowardly throng until a well-aimed bullet smashed his leg and brought him to the ground. And now a wild shout of "Farragh O'Rourke" rose above the din of battle as Brian Ogue at the head of his gallowglasses charged furiously on the enemy, hewing them down with their keen, ponderous battle-axes, even as sturdy woodsmen chop down the saplings of the forest. The recoil of the flying advance now struck the centre, and produced the wildest confusion. In a desperate attempt to stop the mad flight, Clifford was shot down, and died the death of a good soldier in a bad cause. Before his fall he had sent orders to bring up the cavalry; and now plowing their way through the roaring rout to check the advance of the victorious clansmen they came, and very near did so, for as they reached their broken rear they encountered MacDermot's gunmen in disorder after their furious chase; they in their turn now gave way, with the swords of the cavalry making havoc among them. But again Brian Ogue's battle-axes are in evidence, and formed in steady ranks in front of the exultant cavalry. Waiting for their commander's word they again charged madly, at the same moment MacDermot's men rallying and closing on either flank of the English horse, delivered their desultory but sufficient volleys, rapidly changing the advance to a halt. But Brian's long war axes will not be refused, so Markham's horse joins the foot in the retreat, and it may readily be believed that this added greatly to the confusion. Markham, the cavalry leader, was severely wounded. The retreat now became a race—horse, foot, regular, and irregular, knights, squires and men at arms, gunmen, archers and spearmen are

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

DEADLOCK BROKEN.

Senate Tariff Bill To Be the Law of the Land.

THE HOUSE DECIDES TO RECEDE,

But Adopts a Plan to Save Its Record on Free Raw Materials.

Separate Bills Passed Putting Coal, Iron Ore, Sugar and Barbed Wire on the Free List—Resolutions Adopted by the House Caucus and the Action Thereunder—Conviction That It Was the Senate Measure or None Controls the Caucus and Crisp Offers the Recession Resolution.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The following resolutions, offered by Speaker Crisp himself, were adopted by the Democratic house caucus:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this caucus that the order heretofore made requesting a conference with the senate on the disagreeing votes of the two houses on H. R. 484 be rescinded. That the conferrees heretofore appointed on the part of the house be discharged from further duty in that behalf, and that the house recede from its disagreement to the senate amendments to said bill and agree to the same.

"Resolved, Further that the house shall at once proceed to the consideration of separate bills placing the following articles on the free list, viz: Sugar in all its forms, iron ore, coal and barbed wire.

"The committee on rules is requested to report an order providing for the prompt consideration of such motion and bills."

Explaining the Nay Votes.

A division was taken only on the first resolution and the vote was 130 to 26. Among the nay votes were the Louisiana members, Warner of New York, Straus of New York, Tracey of New York, Tarsney of Missouri, Cockran of New York, Covert of New York, Dunphy of New York, Cooper of Indiana, Johnson of Ohio, Kilgore of Texas. They had various reasons for voting nay. Cockran said it was too soon to give up hope of agreement. The Louisiana senators objected because the proposed bill gave no protection to sugar and robbed it of the bounty. Tarsney objected to the bill for the reasons given in the president's letter. The men who favored the resolution, such as Wilson, Crisp and McMillin, said it was the senate bill or no bill. McMillin said the senate bill was a great deal better than the McKinley bill.

Rule for Rapid Work Adopted.

And so the caucus adjourned and almost immediately reassembled as the majority of the house and proceeded to put through the programme decided on. There was a full house, and the galleries were packed. The rules committee was busy framing the rule that would carry through the free coal, iron ore, sugar, and barbed wire bills proposed, while other Democratic leaders were preparing the resolutions that would record the house agreement to the senate tariff bill. It took some time to get these things in shape, for it was not until 2:25 p. m. that Catchings, of the committee on rules, was recognized, and presented the report providing for the passage of the tariff bill and also of the other bills named in the caucus resolution. It was a "rusher," giving little time for debate, and after Reed had put in the Republican protest it was adopted under the previous question.

Moves Adoption of Senate Bill.

The special order having been adopted Wilson moved the resolution discharging the house conferrees, receding from the house disagreement and agreeing to the senate tariff bill so-called. Reed made the point of order that the bill was not before the house, but the bill had been brought in during the roll call and the speaker pointed to it. Reed sat down disconsolately and Wilson took the floor. He spoke calmly, but eloquently, the Democrats crowding about him and listening intently to his every word. He was loudly applauded by his friends and was followed by Reed who also "raised the roof." Then McMillin took the floor, his speech being a defense of the senate bill on the ground that it was much better than the McKinley bill.

McMillin's Good Points of the Bill.

The good points noted by McMillin were: Free wool, free lumber, free hemp, etc., and the reductions in the general schedules. The duties in the chemical schedule of the senate bill about to be adopted, he said, were reduced from 30 per cent. to 24 per cent; earth and earthenware from 51 per cent. to 35 per cent.; metals and metal manufactures from 58 to 36 per cent.; wood and wood manufactures from 51 to 29; tobacco, 117 to 105; cotton, 55 to 43; flax, hemp and jute, 45 to 41; wool and woolens, 98 to 48; silk and silk manufactures, 53 to 46; pulp and paper, 23 to 20; sundries from 26 to 24; total reduction, from 58 per cent. to 38 per cent. McMillin eulogized especially the principle involved in the income tax provision, which taxed not what people consumed, but what they had.

FOUR FREE TRADE BILLS PASSED

Caucus Decision Carried Out—Free Coal, Iron, Sugar and Barbed Wire.

Burrows gave the Democrats a few rubs for being so "zot" against the senate bill a few days ago and so willing to pass it now. Pence (Pop.) of Colorado followed and advocated the bill on the same grounds as McMillin. Cockran was the man the galleries were waiting for and his appearance standing caused a rustle all over the chamber. He made a characteristically eloquent and earnest speech against the proposed action for the same reason that had caused him to vote no in the caucus. Tarsney of Missouri followed and said he would vote no because the highest authority in the Democratic party had stigmatized the bill as filled with perfidy and dishonor. "In this characterization I heartily concur," said Tarsney.

There were several other speeches made before time was up, Crisp closing the debate, except for a few words of explanation made by Wilson who corrected a statement that the sugar trust had already purchased $100,000,000 worth of raw sugar by saying that the amount was 448,000 tons, worth $25,000,000. Then the yeas and nays were ordered. The motion was adopted—182 to 105—the Populists all voting aye—and the house had agreed to the senate bill. Pence announced that Simpson and McKeighan would have voted aye if present. Democrats voting nay were Cockran, Covert, Davey of Louisiana, Dunphy of New York, Everett of Massachusetts, Gorman of Michigan, Hendrix of New York, Johnson of Ohio, Meyer of Louisiana, Price of Louisiana, Tarsney of Missouri, and Warner of New York.

The special order allowed thirty minutes' debate on each of the proposed free list bills, and it hardly took thirty minutes to pass either, the Democrats not using their time. The bills were passed as follows: For free coal, shale, slack, and coke—yeas, 160; nays, 104. The following Democrats voted nay: Alderson of West Virginia, Bankhead of Alabama, Boatner of Louisiana, Burnes of Missouri, Crain of Texas, Davey of Louisiana, Denson of Alabama, Elmunds of Virgina, Eppes of Virginia, Kribbs of Pennsylvania, McKaig of Maryland, Oates of Alabama, Reilly of Pennsylvania, Robbins of Alabama, Swanson of Virginia, Tucker of Virginia, Tyler of Virginia, Wise of Virginia, Weadock of Michigan, Wheeler of Alabama, and Wolverton of Pennsylvania.

For free iron ore—only a few speeches were made and the bill passed without a fight. The bill passed—183 to 102.

For free barbed wire—On this bill Reed asked Wilson what the barbed wire rate was in the Wilson bill, and the answer being 35 per cent. Reed spoke with sarcasm of the sudden transformation in the tariff.

Wilson replied that this work of reforming the tariff would never cease until the heel of monopoly was taken from the American people. This remark was greeted with much enthusiasm.

"I am glad to have brought you to the surface and secured an admission," said Reed, "and knowing what you will try to do the American people will never trust you again."

Coombs of New York said the senate should not be allowed to adjourn until it had passed all these bills. The vote was, yeas, 187; nays, 84—the following Democrats voting no: Graham of New York, Reilly of Pennsylvania, Sperry of Connecticut, Stevens of Massachusetts. Republicans voting for it were: Wilson of Washington, Pickler of South Dakota, Marsh of Illinois, Lucas of South Dakota, Doolittle of Washington.

After the free sugar bill had been reported Robertson of Louisiana offered an amendment reducing the bounty on sugar one-eighth yearly from July 1, 1895, to July 1, 1901. Price of Louisiana begged that the bounty at least be left for this year, in behalf of 200,000 agriculturists who would be destroyed by free sugar.

Reed and Wilson were the last speakers, and the yeas and nays were ordered, resulting—yeas, 276; nays, 11—Republicans voting with the Democrats on the bill. Those who voted in the negative were: Boatner, Davey, Meyer, Ogden, Price and Robertson, Democrats, of Louisiana; Everett and Stevens, Democrats, of Massachusetts; Harmer and Reyburn, Republicans, of Pennsylvania, and Sperry, Democrat, of Connecticut. This was the largest affirmative aye and nay vote ever cast in the house of representatives. Then at 10:25 p. m. the house adjourned until Wednesday.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE VOTE.

List of Those Who Voted Nay on the Adoption of the Senate Bill.

On every vote there were dissentient Democrats, and also Republicans who did not vote with their party, but the latter were less in number. The full nay vote on the main question—agreement on the senate bill—was as follows:

Adams, Apsley, Avery, Babcock, Baker of New Hampshire, Bartlett, Bingham, Blair, Boutelle, Bowers of California, Broderick, Brosius, Burrows, Cannon of Illinois, Childs, Cockran, Cogswell, Cooper of Wisconsin, Cousins, Covert, Curtis of Kansas, Daniels, Davey, Dingley, Dolliver, Doolittle, Dunphy, Ellis of Oregon, Everett, Funk, Gear, Gillett of New York, Gillett of Massachusetts, Gorman, Grosvenor, Grout, Grow, Hager, Hainer, Harmer, Hartman, Haugen, Heiner, Henderson of Iowa, Hendrix, Hepburn, Herman, Hitt, Hooker of New York, Hopkins of Pennsylvania, Houk, Hallick, Hall, Johnson of Indiana, Johnson of North Dakota, Johnson of Ohio, Kiefer, Lacey, Linton, Loud, Loudenslager, Lucas, Marsh, Marvin, McCall, McCleary, McDowell, Meiklejohn, Mercer, Meyer, Milliken, Murray, Northway, Payne, Perkins, Phillips, Pickler, Post, Powers, Price, Quigg, Reed, Reyburn, Russell of Connecticut, Scranton, Sherman, Smith, Stevenson, C. W. Stone, W. A. Stone, Storer, Strong, Tarsney, Tawney, Updegraff, Van Voorhis of New York, Van Voorhis of Ohio, Wadsworth, Wanger, Warner, Waugh, Wilson of Ohio, Wilson of Washington, Woomer, Wright of Pennsylvania.

Present and not voting, three. Paired—Bynum and Dalzell, Stockdale and Ray, Abbott and Thomas, Washington and Aldrich, Black of Illinois and Curtis of New York, Gresham and Mahon, Whiting and White, Goodnight and Walker, Stallings and Henderson of Illinois, Breckinridge of Kentucky and Belden, Clancy and Chickering, Magner and Randall, Fielder and Sweet, Burns and Adams of Kentucky, Moses and Wright of Massachusetts, Harter and Bundy, Sickles and Settle—first named would have voted aye, last named nay.

Haugen was the only Republican who voted for free coal. The Democrats voting against free iron ore were: Alderson, Bankhead, Beltzhoover, Boatner, Davey, Denson, Edmonds, Meyer, Oates, Price, Reilly, Robbins, Robertson, Swanson, Weadock, Wheeler, and Wise.

In his statement to the caucus Wilson charged the senate conferrees with lack of stability. They would, he said, agree to a change one day and next day come back with the demand that the agreement be abrogated in the interest of some senator. It was 6 o'clock p. m. when the vote on agreeing to the senate bill was completed, and the surrender of the house gave the senators great joy. The programme arranged in the caucus was ironclad, and was carried out to the letter. Republicans were not in it. Their points of order were swept aside by the speaker with an iron hand.

All the speeches were extempore—there was no time for preparation—and round after round of cheers and applause went up from both sides of the house. The two most sensational speeches were those of Cockran and Tarsney. Reed was, as usual, sarcastic. Probably the most sensational feature of the debate was when Cockran demanded the names of the senators who had insisted on the senate bill or none. But Wilson made no response.

The negative vote on the first half of the Crisp resolution in caucus was as follows: Cockran, Caruth, Breckinridge of Arkansas, Robertson, Price, Boatner, Meyer, Davey, Ogden, Stone of Kentucky, Strauss, Covert, Tarsney, Tracey, Johnson of Ohio, Bartholdt, Barnes of Wisconsin, Warner, Dunphy, Cummings, Everett, Coombs, Talbot, Raynor, Rusk, McKaig.

Forest Fires in Kentucky.

HOBBS, Ky., Aug. 14.—Forest fires are raging in the chain of knobs surrounding this place and the leaves are so dry it is impossible to check the flames. Unless rain falls within twenty-four hours this whole section will be laid in ashes and the loss will amount to many thousands of dollars.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

TRAIN ON THE ROCK ISLAND GOES THROUGH A BRIDGE.

The Cars Piled in Confusion in a Creek Fifty Feet Below the Tracks—To Add to the Horror the Debris Catches Fire—Work of Train Wreckers.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 11.—The most disastrous wreck in the state's history occurred when the east-bound Oklahoma and Texas express on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific plunged through an overhead bridge fifty feet high into a creek below, killing ten of the passengers, all of the train crew but a brakeman, and wounding many others. The disaster occurred five miles south of Lincoln. To add to the horror of the awful accident the entire train was consumed by fire, which followed the plunge, and many bodies were lost in the wreck.

Death List Will Reach Twelve.

When morning arrived nothing remained but a pile of cinders and twisted iron. Mingled with the debris are the the remains of at least eight men and it is believed that the total number of deaths will reach twelve. Among those known to have been killed are the following: C. D. Stannard, Council Bluffs, conductor, burned to death; William Craig, Fairbury, Neb., fireman, buried under engine; Isaac Depew, Council Bluffs, instantly killed; ——, councilman, Narka, Kan., crushed to death; W. O. Hambel, Fairbury, Neb., attorney, burned to death; O. S. Bell, Lincoln, Neb., traveling man, crushed to death.

The injured are: F. F. Scott, Holton, Kan., express messenger, fatally injured internally; Colonel C. J. Bills, Fairbury, Neb., leg badly cut, will recover; Jay McDowell, Fairbury, legs cut and head badly bruised; Harry Foote, Council Bluffs, brakeman, leg broken; J. E. Puetz, traveling man, Lincoln, internal injuries; two ladies living in the Billingsley block, slightly injured; passenger named Somrel, hurt about the head; a number of people are missing and it is feared that C. Unrub, mother and son, of Jansen, Kan., are among the dead; M. Beaver, clothier, and A. B. Edde, insurance agent, both of Pawnee City, cannot be found and are supposed to have perished.

Work of Train Wreckers.

There is no question but that the disaster was the work of train wreckers. J. W. Glover, a section man, said he saw three well dressed men jump a freight and go west. He said that the men each carried a long, brand new satchel. This gives rise to a suspicion that it may have been some of the Round Pond, O. T., enemies of the Rock Island. The evidences were plainly there and unmistakable of train wreckers. Marks made by a wrench on a loosened rail were plainly visible and the marks of a crowbar on the crossties were there. The wood of the ties was deeply dented where the crowbar had been inserted and the rails lifted clear off the ties, and the spikes which had been pulled out were lying around loose on the bridge.

ATTACK ON PULLMAN.

Quo-Warranto Proceedings Filed Against the Palace Car Company.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—Quo-warranto proceedings were begun by the attorney general of the state against the Pullman Palace Car company. Attorney General Moloney appeared in the office of the clerk of the circuit court and filed a petition in quo-warranto against the big concern which has been enjoying so much prominence in the public view of late. The legal document filed asks leave to file an information in the nature of quo-warranto proceedings. This is the first step in an attack by the state's chief law officer on the charter of a corporation.

The next step will be to ask the company to show cause why its charter shall not be revoked. The defendant corporation is charged with illegally owning a controlling interest in the Allen Paper Car Wheel company and with wrongfully exercising the powers of a municipal corporation in furnishing dwellings, light, water, heat and provisions to the residents of Pullman. The petition also charges that in the possession of the real estate and buildings in Pullman and Chicago outside its manufacturing plant or for other purposes than the transaction of its lawfully chartered business it is violating its corporate rights.

HUNDREDS ENTOMBED.

Frightful Disaster in a Russian Mine Caused by an Explosion.

WARSAW, Aug. 13.—The great coal mines near Dombrowa, government of Gradno, are burning. The fire started by an explosion of gas while the full force of men were under ground. The main shaft was wrecked and comparatively few miners have been rescued. The latest report is that several hundred men are entombed in the mines and that all hope of saving them has been abandoned. The mines are owned by the Franco-Italian bank.

Cyclone in Ohio.

GENEVA, O., Aug. 13.—A genuine cyclone struck North Madison, devastating forests, orchards, buildings, growing crops, etc. The wind struck in near the lake and swept a path 100 feet wide clear of everything in its way. Heavy hailstones accompanied the wind and smashed thousands of windows. All crops in the path of the storm was utterly destroyed by hail and wind together. The roar of the wind was heard two or three miles away and is described as being something frightful. The storm swept a path about three miles long. The loss will be heavy. So far as learned no person was seriously injured.

Kansas Bank in Trouble.

WICHITA, Aug. 14.—The Wichita National bank, the oldest banking institution in the southwest, went into the hands of comptroller of currency. Their last report, made in July, showed only $36,000 in specie on hand. It is said the bank holds considerable bad paper. County commissioners have $14,000 in the bank. The direct cause of the suspension is not given out and figures are unobtainable at the president hour. The president is M. Levy, and cashier, C. A. Walker.

Sending the Cozeyites Home.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—Another contingent of the industrials marched to the railroad station where they were provided with transportation over the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. There were sixty-five in the party.

Prince of Wales on the Chicago.

COWES, Aug. 13.—The Prince of Wales visited the United States cruiser Chicago. He was received with a royal salute and the American warship manned the yards in his honor.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

Rates of Duty Which Have Been the Bones of Contention.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The senate bill which the caucus action (barring the presidential veto) ensures as the law of the land in place of the McKinley bill provides the following rates of duty upon the great staples which have been the bones of contention: All raw sugars, 40 per cent. ad valorem; sugars above No. 16 (refined), ½ per cent. additional; sugars produced in bounty paying countries, 1-10 per cent. additional to these rates. Hawaiian sugar is still free under the reciprocity treaty.

Iron ore 10 cents per ton, pigs $4 per ton, iron or steel rails 7-20 of 1 per cent. per pound. Lead ore and dross ⅝ of 1 per cent. per pound; silver, lead bearing ore the same duty on the lead contained therein. Tobacco for wrappers $1.50 per pound unstemmed, $2.35 stemmed; cigars and cigarettes $4 per pound and 25 per cent. advalorem. Coal, bituminous and large slack, 15 cents per ton. Precious stones, cut and unset, 20 per cent. advalorem; set 30 cent., unset 10 per cent.; glaziers and miners' diamonds free.

Logs and sawed lumber and timber (save tropical woods) and wool are free. Tin plate 1 1-5 cents per pound after Oct. 1. Marble, rough, 50 cents; dressed, 85 cents per foot (cubic). White and red lead, 1¼ cents per pound. Under the internal revenue sections of the bill playing cards are taxed 2 cents a package. An income tax of 2 per cent. on incomes above $4,000 is provided for; also a tax on corporations of 2 per cent. Whisky is taxed at $1.10 per gallon and the bonded period fixed at eight years.

THREE BOYS DROWNED.

Two Others Escaped but Were Afraid to Tell of the Affair.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 14.—Fred Schmutte, a laborer of Norwood, was walking to his home along Bloody Run, near this city, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw three piles of clothing lying on the bank of the stream. No owners being visible, Schmutte waited in curiosity, when he was horrified by seeing a human limb rise above the surface of the water and then disappear. Schmutte, with a pole, waded into the stream and soon found the bodies of three boys who had been drowned. He carried the bodies to the bank, and hailing a passerby sent word to the authorities.

The corpses were brought to the morgue in this city. There they were identified as Matt and Will Slatterly, aged 11 and 13 respectively, and Frank Burns, aged 10, all residing on Symms street. Their parents belong to the laboring classes. The three boys, with two others, Fred McGrann and John Burns, had gone swimming. The two last named came home with scared faces, but said nothing of the terrible tragedy until after the finding of the bodies. The scene at the morgue when the parents arrived was heartrending.

POPULISTS SET FREE.

Leaders at West Indianapolis Acquitted and Released.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 14.—Leroy Templeton, Phillip Rappaport, "Colonel" Jennings and P. J. Gilligan, the four Populists who were arrested for holding a political meeting on Sunday and who went to jail, refusing to give bond, were acquitted in Squire Allen's court at West Indianapolis. The specific charge against the four men was that of pursuing their regular vocations on the Sabbath, and the squire held that they were not guilty, as speechmaking was not their regular vocation.

Many people were in the courtroom when the decision favorable to the defendants was announced and cheering was indulged in. The Populists claim this affair has made them 5,000 votes in the country.

Evictions at Pullman.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—Pullman's tenants will be evicted. Vice President Wickes said so. The company claims that it must find houses for its new employes to live in, and as the strikers have been camping in the Pullman flats without paying a cent of rent for the last three months they must get out. This move is the very last in the big strike, and it will forever discomfit the employes. The company's houses cover about three thousand people at present. These three thousand consist of the striking workmen and their families. There are about one thousand new men in the shops that have families and that desire to live near their work. The old employes must make way for the new.

Gideon Was a Missourian.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 14.—Confirmatory advices from Boston regarding the whaler James Allen, whose shipwrecked crew ate of the remains of one of their number, Austin Gideon, show that the young fellow who was so eaten was from this section of Missouri. He left here five months ago for the Pacific coast, where he became a sailor. He was a bright young fellow and closely related to the Gideons of this city, being a nephew of Judge James J. Gideon and a son of Dr. John Gideon of Ozark, a prominent citizen of Christian county.

Bank Closes Its Doors.

ALTOONA, Pa., Aug. 10.—The Second National bank failed to opened its doors. A notice on the door, signed by National Bank Examiner Miller, says:

"This bank will not open for the transaction of business until further notice."

The examination of the accounts of the defaulting cashier is still in progress. The amount of shortage is now supposed to be larger than was at first given out.

Militia at South Omaha.

OMAHA, Aug. 10.—Two companies of state militia, the Thurston rifles, and the Omaha guards, were sent to South Omaha and stationed as a guard around the packing houses. The strikers were in an ugly mood but no violence was attempted. The strikers soon withdrew to a distance and awaited the coming of the new men on their way to work.

Brakes Declined to Work.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—When the Scotch express train arrived in St. Pancras station the train dashed ahead and overshot the buffer stops at the end of the rails. Nineteen passengers were injured. The accident was due to the unexplained failure of the brakes to work.

Caught Short in Corn.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Aug. 10.—The bucket shop of Monaghan & Co. has failed. They were caught short in corn's big jump.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 10.—The Hawkeye Commission company closed its doors. It is one of the results of the high pressure in corn.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

DANVILLE, Ills., Aug. 11.—Almost the entire portion of Fithian, a town of 600 inhabitants, eleven miles west of this city, on the Big Four railroad, was burned. The origin of the fire is unknown. Most of the property owners were without insurance. The loss cannot be stated at this time. The residence of James Cunningham at Hoopeston, this county, the finest private residence in eastern Illinois, and just completed at a cost of $30,000, was burned. There was no insurance.

The Jealous Dastard Again.

JERSEYVILLE, Ills., Aug. 11.—William Hefferon shot and killed Bridget McHale while she was sitting in a buggy. The young lady was out riding with James O'Laughlin, and while he went to get some refreshments Hefferon came and shot Miss McHale three times, and would probably have killed O'Laughlin too had he been in sight. The girl was Hefferon's sweetheart, and he was jealous of O'Laughlin and warned the girl if he ever caught them together he would kill them both.

Killed in a Railway Wreck.

WATSEKA, Ills., Aug. 13.—A disastrous freight train wreck occurred on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad at Woodland, four miles south of this city. One man, name unknown, was killed and several members of each train's crew badly injured. Train No. 91, northbound, was running at a high rate of speed and crashed into the rear end of another freight standing on the track. One engine is badly wrecked and about forty cars demolished.

Plow Works Closed Down.

MOLINE, Ills., Aug. 11.—Owing to the refusal of the fifteen striking grinders to accept a restoration of wages upon practically the same basis as before last year's 15 per cent. cut, unless they were paid extra for taking in the stones, which this company has never done, the Moline Plow company closed down its entire shop, throwing 375 men out of work. A sympathetic strike was feared by the officers, and the shut-down was to avoid trouble.

The Illinois Prospect for Corn.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 14.—Reports received by the Illinois department of agriculture dated Aug. 1 indicate that the condition of corn at that time was encouraging, 75 per cent. being the average yield per acre. The poorest reports were for northern Illinois, where the condition was but 69 per cent., 14 points below 1893. The central Illinois conditions were favorable for 84 per cent. and the southern division 73 per cent.

He Stole an Entire Saloon.

DANVILLE, Ills., Aug. 11.—John Gilmore, an old citizen of this city, has been arrested on a charge of burglary. He went into the saloon of Asa Knox at 2 o'clock in the morning and carted nearly all the stock to Covington, Ind., where he secured a small loan on it. Gilmore a short time ago was in partnership with Knox, and his defense was that the partnership had never been dissolved.

Hanged by a Picket Fence.

CARLYLE, Ills., Aug. 11.—Anton Wienhoff, a carpenter residing at Germantown, was killed in a most singular manner. He returned home at a late hour at night, and in opening the gate he fell, his neck becoming fastened between two pickets. Before he was extricated he was strangled to death.

City Mayor Locked Up.

PERU, Ills., Aug. 13.—Mayor Rausch of this city was arrested and locked up for disorderly conduct. His resignation was tendered later and accepted at a special meeting of the council. The vacancy was filled by the election of Alderman Hebel to fill the unexpired term as mayor.

Died of Smallpox.

PARIS, Ills., Aug. 11.—E. W. Owen, who contracted smallpox while doing military duty at Chicago during the recent strike, died here. This is the only case of smallpox that has developed, although the entire company was exposed.

Not Parted by Death.

DECATUR, Ills., Aug. 11.—Half an hour apart John Frorlet, aged 76, and Mary Frorlet, aged 74, husband and wife, died of typhoid fever at St. Mary's hospital.

State Items.

Thomas Brice, missing since July 30, was found in a cornfield north of Sterling, Ills. He had lost his way and died from exposure.

John A. Wilson, a farmer and a man of family, was shot in the back with birdshot by an unknown assassin at Canes, ten miles east of Decatur, Ills.

Henry Lutz, a farmer near Georgetown, Ills., was instantly killed by being caught under a traction engine which ran off a bridge.

Joe O'Neill and an unknown man were arrested charged with robbing the safe of the Hawkins Flouring Mill company at Patoka, Ills., of $150.

The shoe store of Sims & Blair was closed at Fairbury, Ills., on judgments aggregating $5,000.

Governor Altgeld offered $200 reward for the conviction of Joseph Sasdiekie, charged with the murder of Thomas Walmaniski at Braceville, Ills., Aug. 1.

Thomas Cooney of Chicago was killed by a Santa Fe train at Joliet, Ills.

The miners' strike at Danfermline, Ills., is practically over. The men were ordered to take their tools from the pits. Negroes will be put to work.

Claude Steele, of Robinson, Ills., has been appointed a naval cadet.

An early settlers' meeting for the counties of Bureau, Putnam, Lee, Marshall, Stark, Henry, and La Salle has been called to meet at Princeton, Ills., Aug. 25.

Miners sinking a coal shaft at Chenoa, Ills., struck a vein of fine fire clay, 6ft and 5in thick.

Miss Mary Wolfe, aged 20, died at Beardstown, Ills., from an overdose of morphine administered by her own hand with suicidal intent.

Timothy Clay of Wyanet, Ills., was struck by a switch engine and killed. He had been an employe of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy at that place twenty years.

Friends of Colonel Thomas G. Lawler, of Rockford, Ills., are confident that he will be elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. at the encampment at Pittsburg.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Isaac Roy, a prospector, was murdered by an unknown person at his camp near Edmonton, Man.

A freight train on the Oregon Railway and Navigation company's line went through Alto bridge, Wash., falling ninety-six feet. Three men were hurt.

John Schode was murdered at Pueblo, Colo.

Albert Guest was fatally shot at Bardwell, Ky., by the city marshal. Guest was breaking into the railway depot.

The people of Grantsburg, Wis., will vote Aug. 21 whether or not the place shall be bonded for waterworks.

John Danerer, a wealthy farmer near Davenport, Ia., hung himself to an apple tree as a result of despondency over the death of his wife.

A prominent figure in the English woman suffrage movement is Mrs. Fawcett, widow of Professor Henry Fawcett, who was at one time postmaster general under Gladstone.

* * *

Frank W. Haley of Rochester, N. Y., filed a claim against the state for $31,061 damages for the killing by the state of 150 head of cattle, said to have been afflicted with tuberculosis.

Braggio Turko, an Italian banker, has disappeared from Boston, and this led to an uprising of depositors, who have $20,000 in the bank, which forced a temporary suspension.

J. H. McLimons shot and killed himself at Massillon, O. Despondency was the cause.

The German steamer Porto Alegre, which was supposed to have been sunk by the steamship Lismore Castle in a collision off the French coast last week, has passed Beachy Head apparently in good condition.

Katherine L. Mink was committed to jail at Helena, Mont., for refusing to produce papers relating to her husband's property of which she is executrix.

* * *

The Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad offers a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who have or may set fire to bridges or buildings of the company in Indiana.

Prizes of $400 and $300 are offered by the city of Amsterdam for designs for a monument to Thomas A. Kempis.

The Duke of Bedford will donate $500,000 toward establishing a free public library at St. Pancras, London.

Julia Ward Howe has been invited to read a poem at the Bryant memorial celebration at Cummington, N. H., Aug. 16.

Harvard has multiplied her engineering courses to forty-three, covering the ground from surveyors' mathematics to the law of contracts and specifications.

A. A. Anderson, dealer in drugs, failed at Boone, Ia., for about $12,000.

Miss Lola Bumm was killed by being thrown from a carriage at Emporia, Kan.

Miss A. L. Kerns was burned to death at Bourbon, Ind. She was an invalid and it is believed she started the fire to end her life.

* * *

The Democrats of the Ninth district of Virginia in session at Bristol on the twentieth ballot nominated Judge H. S. K. Morrison to succeed "Cyclone" Jim Marshall in congress.

Miss Rose Cleveland is visiting friends in Saxonville, Mass.

After voting down a free silver platform the Democrats of the Sixth Iowa district nominated ex-Senator Taylor of Davis for congress. Three candidates are now in the field.

Professor Loren Shirley of Lebanon, Ind., was drowned at Sheridan, Or.

Albert Drewett, 11 years of age, fell from a bridge at Fort Wayne, Ind., while attempting to walk on the handrail and died thirty minutes later.

The monument to the memory of Frederick J. Frelinghuysen was unveiled in Newark, N. J.

A mine at Scranton, Pa., caved in affecting property valued at $250,000. Twenty-eight houses were wrecked.

James A. McNamara of Eureka, Cal., and Claude Steele of Robinson, Ills., have been appointed naval cadets.

Frederick Davis was drowned while swimming in the White river, in the lower end of Knox county, Ind. He was 19 years old.

Governor McKinley, opening the New York campaign, will speak at Auburn Sept. 5 and Saratoga Sept. 17.

* * *

Mrs. Byron Mason, prominent in church and society circles at Butler, Ind., cut her own throat and then jumped into the cistern. It is thought she was insane.

Wages have been reduced on the South Park road by Receiver Trumbull at Denver.

Four children of William Watts, from 6 months to 4½ years of age, was burned to death near Williston, S. D., on a ranch.

United States and local officers of Council Bluffs lured a gang of robbers into a trap at Tabor, Ia., but the latter escaped.

Seven men and boys seeking shelter under a tree during a storm at DeKalb, Tex., were killed by lightning.

William and Samuel Lower owners of a traction engine, were fatally hurt by falling through a bridge at Waterloo, Ind.

William Marshall, while painting the roof of a glass factory at Pendleton, Ind., fell and was fatally injured.

Two tramps stealing a ride were killed by a collision on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road at Woodland, Ind.

George Dunlap, aged 18, of Millersburg, Ind., received injuries in a fight with a colt which resulted in death.

Must Praise Hood's

"I was troubled with Dyspepsia, and was in such a condition I could not walk. In a week after I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I Felt Better Since taking four bottles I am perfectly cured—never felt better in my life. I can work hard, eat heartily and sleep well. My wife says there is nothing like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Can't help praising Hood's." JOHN W. SNYDER, Saville, Pennsylvania. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion.

TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

[Copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and published through special arrangement with the American Press Association.]

CHAPTER I.

The rain was plashing dismally on the grimy window sill and over the awning of the shops below. The street cars went jingling by with a dripping load of outside passengers on both platforms. Wagons and drays, cabs and closed carriages, that rattled or rumbled along the ordinarily busy thoroughfare, looked as though they had been dipped in the river before being turned loose on the street, and their Jehus, a bedraggled lot, must needs have something amphibious in their composition, else they could not have borne up against the deluge that had been soaking the city for two days past. The policeman, waddling aimlessly about at the opposite corner, enveloped in rubber cap and overcoat, cast occasional wistful glances into the barroom across the way, wherein the gas was burning in deference to the general gloom that overhung the neighborhood, and such pedestrians as had to be abroad hurried along under their umbrellas as though they half expected to have to swim before they could reach their destination. The dense cloud of sooty smoke that had overhung the metropolis for weeks past, and that wind from any direction could never entirely dissipate, for the simple reason that smokestacks by the score shot up in the outskirts on every side, now seemed to be hurled upon the roofs

Two missives had reached him.

and walls, the windows and the pavement, in a black, pasty, carboniferous deposit, and every object out of doors that one could touch would leave its inky response upon the hand. A more depressing "spell of weather" had not been known for a year, and every living being in sight seemed saturated with the general gloom—every living being except one. Capt. Fred Lane, of the Eleventh cavalry, was sitting at the dingy window of his office in the recruiting rendezvous on Sycamore street and actually whistling softly to himself in supreme contentment.

Two missives had reached him that ghastly morning that had served to make him impervious to wind or weather. One—large, formal, impressive and bearing the stamp of the war department in heavy type across its upper corner—had borne to him the notification of his promotion to the rank of captain (Troop D) Eleventh cavalry, vice Curran, retired. The other—a tiny billet—had given him even greater happiness. It might be hard to say how many times he had read and reread it since he found it on the snowy cloth of his particular breakfast table in his particular corner of the snug refectory of "The Queen City," on the books of which most respectable if somewhat venerable club his name had been borne among the list of army or navy members ever since his "graduation leave," fifteen years before.

All his boyhood, up to the time of his winning his cadetship at West Point, had been spent in the city where for the past sixteen months he had considered himself fortunate on being stationed on recruiting service. During the second year of his term at the academy he was startled by the receipt of a sad letter from his mother, telling him briefly that his father, long one of the best known among the business men of the city, had been compelled to make an assignment. What was worse he had utterly broken down under the strain, and would probably never be himself again. Proud, sensitive and honorable, Mr. Lane had insisted on paying to the utmost farthing of his means. Even the old homestead went, and the broken hearted man retired with his faithful wife to a humble roof in the suburbs. There, a few months afterward, he breathed his last, and there, during Fred's graduating year, she followed him. When the boy entered on his career in the army he was practically alone in the world. Out of the wreck of his father's fortune there came to him a little sum that started him in the service free from debt and that served as a nest egg to attract future accumulations. This he had promptly banked until some good and safe investment should present itself, and, once with his regiment on the frontier, Mr. Lane had found his pay ample for all his needs.

It is unnecessary to recount the history of his fifteen years' service as a subaltern. Suffice it to say that, steering clear of most of the temptations to which young officers were subjected, he had won a reputation as a capital "duty officer," that was accented here and there by some brilliant and dashing exploits in the numerous Indian campaigns through which the Eleventh had passed with no small credit. Lane was never one of the jovial souls of the regiment. His mood was rather taciturn and contemplative. He read a good deal, and spent many days in the saddle exploring the country in the neighborhood of his post and in hunting and fishing.

But, from the colonel down, there was not a man in the Eleventh who did not thoroughly respect and like him. Among the ladies, however, there was one or two who never lost an opportunity of giving the lieutenant a feline and not ineffective clawing whenever his name came up for discussion in the feminine conclaves occasionally held in the regiment. Sometimes, too, when opportunity served, he was made the victim of some sharp or sarcastic speech that was not always easy to bear in silence. Mrs. Judson, wife of the captain of B troop, was reputed to be "down on Lane," and the men had no difficulty whatever in locating the time when her change of heart took place.

The truth of the matter was that, thanks to simple habits and to his sense of economy, Lane had quite a snug little balance in the bank, and the ladies of the regiment believed it to be bigger than it really was; and, having approved the furnishing and fitting up of his quarters, the next thing, of course, that they essayed to do was to provide him with a wife. There the trouble began. Simultaneously with the arrival of his first bar as a first lieutenant there came from the distant east Mrs. Judson's younger sister "Emmy" and Mrs. Loring's pretty niece Pansy Fletcher. Lane was prompt to call on both, to take the young ladies driving or riding, to be attentive and courteous in every way; but, while he did thus "perceive a divided duty," what was Mrs. Loring's horror on discovering that pretty Pansy had fallen rapturously in love with "Jerry" Lattimore, as handsome, reckless and impecunious a young dragoon as ever lived, and nothing but prompt measures prevented their marriage! Miss Fletcher was suddenly re-transported to the east, whither Jerry was too hard up to follow; and then, in bitterness of heart, Mrs. Loring blamed poor Fred for the whole transaction. Why had he held aloof and allowed that—that scamp—that ne'er do weel—to cut in and win that innocent child's heart, as he certainly did do?" Against Lattimore the vials of her wrath were emptied coram publico, but against Lane she could not talk so openly.

Mrs. Judson had beheld the sudden departure of Miss Pansy with an equanimity she could barely disguise. Indeed, there were not lacking good Christians in the garrison who pointed significantly to the fact that she had almost too hospitably opened her doors to Miss Fletcher and her lover during that brief but volcanic romance. Certain it is, however, that it was in her house and in a certain little nook off the sitting room that their long, delicious meetings occurred almost daily, the lady of the house being busy about the dining room, the kitchen, or the chambers overhead, and Emmy, who was a good girl, but densely uninteresting, strumming on the piano or yawning over a book at the front window.

"What Mr. Lane needs is a gentle, modest, domestic little woman who will make his home a restful, peaceful refuge always," said Mrs. Judson; and, inferentially, Emmy was the gentle and modest creature who was destined so to bless him. The invitations to tea, the lures by which he was induced to become Emmy's escort to all the hops and dances, redoubled themselves after Miss Fletcher's departure; but it was all in vain. Without feeling any particular affinity for Mr. Lane, Emmy stood ready to say "Yes" whensoever he should ask; but weeks went on, he never seemed to draw nearer the subject, and just as Mrs. Judson had determined to resort to heroic measures and point out that his attentions to Emmy had excited the remark of the entire garrison, and that the poor child herself was looking wan and strange, there was a stage robbery not twenty miles from the post. Lane, with fifteen troopers, was sent in pursuit of the desperadoes, and captured them, after a sharp fight, ninety miles up the river and near the little infantry cantonment at the Indian reservation; and thither the lieutenant was carried with a bullet through his thigh. By the time he was well enough to ride, the regiment was again in the field on Indian campaign, and for six months he never saw Fort Curtis again. When he did, Emmy had gone home, and Mrs. Judson's politeness was something awful.

Lane was out with the Eleventh again in three more sharp and severe campaigns, received an ugly bullet wound through the left shoulder in the memorable chase after Chief Joseph, was quartermaster of his regiment a year after that episode, then adjutant, and finally was given the recruiting detail as he neared the top of the list of first lieutenants, and, for the first time in fifteen years, found himself once more among the friends of his youth—and still a bachelor.

Securing pleasant quarters in the adjoining street, Mr. Lane speedily made himself known at the club to which he had been paying his moderate annual dues without having seen anything of it but its bills for years past, yet never knowing just when he might want to drop in. Then he proceeded, after office hours, to hunt up old chums, and in the course of the first week after his arrival he had found almost all of them. Bailey, who sat next to him in school, was now a prominent and prosperous lawyer. Terry, who sat just behind him and occasionally inserted crooked pins in a convenient crack in his chair, was thriving in the iron business.

Warden had made a fortune "on 'change," and was one of the leading brokers and commission merchants of the metropolis. He had always liked Warden; they lived close together, and used to walk to and from school with each other almost every day. Mr. Lane had started on his quest with a feeling akin to enthusiasm. Calm and reticent and retiring as he generally was, he felt a glow of delight at the prospect of once more meeting "the old crowd;" but that evening he returned to his rooms with a distinct sense of disappointment. Bailey had jumped up and shaken hands with much effusion of manner, and had "my-dear-fellow"-ed him for a minute or two, and then, "Now, where are you stopping? I'll be round to look you up the very first evening I can get away, and—of course we'll have you at the house;" but Lane clearly saw he was eager to get back to his desk, and so took his leave. Terry did not know him at all until he began to laugh, and then he blandly inquired what he'd been doing with himself all these years. But the man who rasped him from top to toe was Warden. Business hours were over, and their meeting occurred at the club. Two minutes after they had shaken hands, Warden was standing with his back to the log fire, his thumbs in the arm holes of his waistcoat, tilting on his toes, his head well back, and most affably and distinctly patronizing him.

"Well, Fred, you're still in the army, are you?" he asked.

"Still in the army, Warden."

"Well, what on earth do you find to do with yourself out there? How do you manage to kill time?"

"Time never hung heavily on my hands. It often happened that there wasn't half enough for all we had to do."

"You don't tell me! Why, I supposed that about all you did was to drink and play poker."

"Not an unusual idea, I find, Warden, but a very unjust one."

"Oh, yes, I know, of course, you have some Indian fighting to do once in a while; but that probably amounts to very little. I mean when you're in permanent camp or garrison. I should think a man of your temperament would just stagnate in such a life. I wonder you hadn't resigned years ago and come here and made a name for yourself."

"The life has been rather more brisk than you imagine," he answered, with a quiet smile, "and I have grown very fond of my profession. But you speak of making a name for myself. Now, in what would that have consisted?"

"Oh, well, of course, if you really like the army and living in a desert and that sort of thing, I've nothing to say," said Warden; "but it always struck me as such a—such a—well, Fred, such a wasted life, all very well for fellows who hadn't brains or energy enough to achieve success in the real battle of life" (and here Warden was "swelling visibly"), "but not at all the thing for a man of your ability. We all conceded at school that you were head and shoulders above the rest of us. We were talking of it some years ago here in this very room; there'd been something about you in the papers—some general or other had mentioned you in a report. Let's see: didn't you get wounded, or something, chasing some Indians?" Lane replied that he believed that "something like that had happened," but begged his friend to go on; and Warden proceeded to further expound his views:

"Now, you might have resigned years ago, taken hold of your father's old business, and made a fortune. There's been a perfect boom in railroad iron and every other kind of iron since that panic of '73. Look at Terry; he is rolling in money—one of our most substantial men; and you know he was a mere drone at school. Why, Fred, if your father could have held on six months longer he'd have been the richest man in town today. It always seemed to me that he made such a mistake in not getting his friends to help him tide things over."

"You probably are not aware," was the reply, "that he went to friend after friend—so called—and that it was their failure or refusal to help that broke him down. The most active man in pushing him to the wall, I am told, was Terry's father, who had formerly been his chief clerk."

"Well," answered Warden, in some little confusion, for this and other matters in connection with the failure of Samuel Lane & Co., years before, were now suddenly recalled to mind, "that's probably true. Business is business, you know, and those were tough times in the money market. Still, you could have come back here when you left West Point, and built up that concern again, and been a big man today—had your own establishment here, married some rich girl—you're not married, are you?"

Lane shook his head.

"On the other hand, then, you've been fooling away all this time in the army, and what have you got to show for it?"

"Nothing—to speak of," was the half whimsical, half serious answer.

"Well, there! Now don't you see? That's just what I'm driving at. You've thrown away your opportunities— 'All right, Strong; I'll be with you in a minute,'" he called to a man who was signaling to him from the stairway. "Come in and see us, Fred. Come and dine with us, any day. We're always ready for friends who drop in. I want you to meet Mrs. Warden and see my house. Now excuse me, will you? I have to take a hand at whist." And so away went Warden, leaving Lane to walk homeward and think over the experiences of the day.

He had "made a name for himself" that was well known from the Yellowstone to the Colorado. Thrice had that name been sent to the president with the recommendation of his department commander for brevets for conspicuous and gallant conduct in action against hostile Indians. The Pacific coast had made him welcome. Busy San Francisco had found time to read The Alta's and The Chronicle's correspondence from the scene of hostilities, and cordially shook hands with the young officer who had been so prominent in more than one campaign. Santa Fe and San Antonio, Denver, Cheyenne and Miles City, were points where he could not go without meeting "troops of friends." It was only when he got back to his old home in the east that the lieutenant found his name associated only with his father's failure, and that his years of honorable service conveyed no interest to the friends of his youth. "Money makes the mare go," said Mr. Warden, in a subsequent conversation; and money, it seems, was what he meant in telling Lane he should have come home and "made a name for himself."

Lane had been on duty a year in the city when a rumor began to circulate to the effect that investments of his in mining stocks had brought him large returns, and men at the club and matronly women at the few parties he attended began asking significant questions which now it pleased him to parry rather than answer directly. His twelve months' experiences in society had developed in him a somewhat sardonic vein of humor and made him, if anything, more reticent than before. And then—then all of a sudden there came over the spirit of his dream a marked and wondrous change. He no longer declined invitations to balls, parties or dinners when he knew that certain persons were to be present. Mabel Vincent had just returned from a year's tour abroad, and Lieut. Fred Lane had fallen in love at first sight.

It was a note from her that made even that dingy old office, on this most dismal of days, fairly glow and shine with a radiance of hope, with a halo of joy and gladness such as his lonely life had never known before. The very first time he ever saw himself addressed as Capt. Fred Lane, Eleventh cavalry, was in her dainty hand. He turned his chair to the window to read once again the precious words; but there entered, dripping, a Western Union messenger with a telegram.

Tearing it open, Lane read these words: "All join in congratulations on your promotion and in wonderment at the colonel's selection of your successor. Noel is named."

Lane gave a long whistle of amazement. "Of all men in the regiment!" he exclaimed. "Who would have thought of Gordon Noel?"

CHAPTER II.

"Come up, crowd! come up everybody! It's champagne today."

The colonel of the Eleventh cavalry was a gentleman who had some peculiarities of temperament and disposition. This fact is not cited as a thing at all unusual, for the unbiased testimony of the subalterns and even the troop commanders of every cavalry regiment in service would go far towards establishing the fact that all colonels of cavalry are similarly afflicted. One of the salient peculiarities of the commanding officer of the Eleventh was a conviction that nothing went smoothly in the regiment unless the captains were all on duty with their companies; for, while at any time Col. Riggs would approve an application for a lieutenant's leave of absence, it was worse than pulling teeth to get him to do likewise for a gentleman with the double bars on his shoulder. "Confound the man!" growled Capt. Greene, "here I've been seven years with my troop, saving up for a six months' leave, and the old rip disapproves it! What on earth can a fellow say?"

"You didn't go about it right, Greeney," was the calm rejoinder of a comrade who had been similarly "cut" the year previous. "You should have laid siege to him through madame a month or so. What she says as to who goes on leave and who doesn't is law at headquarters, and I know it. Now, you watch Noel. That fellow is wiser in his generation than all the rest of us put together. It isn't six months since he got back from his staff detail, and see how constant he is in his attentions to the old lady. Now, I'll bet you anything you like the next plum that tumbles into the regiment will go to his maw and nobody else's."

"Riggs wouldn't have the face to give anything to Noel—in the way of detached duty, I mean. I heard him say when 'Gordy' was coming back to the regiment that he wished he had the power to transfer subs from troop to troop; he'd put Noel with the most exacting captain he knew and see if he couldn't get a little square service out of the fellow."

"That's all right, Greene. That's what he said six months ago, before Noel was really back, and before he had begun doing the devoted to her ladyship at headquarters. Riggs wouldn't say so now—much less do it. She wouldn't let him, comrade mine; and you know it."

"Noel has been doing first rate since he got back, Jim," said Capt. Greene, after a pause.

"Oh, Noel's no bad soldier in garrison—at drill or parade. It's field work and scouting that knocks him endwise; and if there's an Indian within a hundred miles— Well, you know as much as I do on that subject."

Greene somewhat gloomily nodded assent, and his companion, being wound up for the day, plunged ahead with his remarks:

"Now, I'm just putting this and that together, Greene, and I'll make you a bet. Riggs has managed things ever since he has been colonel so that a lieutenant is ordered detached for recruiting service and never a captain. It won't be long before Lane gets his promotion; and I'll bet you even before he gets it Riggs will have his letter skimming to Washington begging his immediate recall and nominating a sub to take his place. I'll give you odds on that; and I'll bet you even that the sub he names will be Gordy Noel."

But, though he scouted the idea, Greene would not bet, for at that instant the club room was invaded by a rush of young officers just returning from target practice, and the jolliest laugh, the most all pervading voice, the cheeriest personality of the lot were those of the gentleman whose name Capt. Jim Rawlins had just spoken.

"What you going to have fellows?" he called. "Here, Billy, old man, put up that spelter; I steered the gang in here, and it's my treat. Don't go, Forbes; come back, old fellow, and join us. Captain, what shall it be? Say, you all know Dick Cassidy of the Seventh. I heard such a good rig on him this morning. I got a letter from Tommy Craig, who's on duty at the war department, and he told me that Dick was there trying to get one of these blasted college details. What d'ye suppose a cavalryman wants to leave his regiment for, to take a thing like that?"

"Perhaps his health is impaired, Noel," said Wharton, with a humorous twinkle in his handsome eyes. "Even cavalrymen have been known to have to quit their beloved profession on that account and get something soft in the east for a year or so."

The color mounted to Noel's cheeks, but he gave no other sign of understanding the shaft as aimed at him. Promptly and loudly as ever he spoke out:

"Oh, of course, if he's used up in service and has to go in to recuperate, all well and good; but I always supposed Cassidy was a stalwart in point of health and constitution. Who's going to the doctor's to-night? you, Jack?"

Jack—otherwise Lieut. John Tracy—shook his head as he whiffed at the cigarette he had just lighted and then stretched forth his hand for the foaming glass of beer which the attendant brought him, but vouchsafed no verbal reply. Lee and Martin edged over to where the two captains were playing their inevitable game of seven up. Two of the juniors—young second lieutenants—despite the extreme cordiality of Noel's invitation, begged to be excused, as they did not care to drink anything—even a lemonade; and no sooner had the party finished their modest potation than there was a general move. Wallace and Hearn went into the billiard room; Wharton and Lee started in the direction of their quarters; and presently Mr. Noel was the only man in the clubroom without an occupation of some kind or a comrade to talk to.

Now, why should this have been the case? Noel's whole manner was overflowing with jollity and kindliness; his eyes beamed and sparkled as he looked from one man to the other; he hailed each in turn by his Christian name and in tones of most cordial friendship; he chatted and laughed and had comical anecdotes to tell the party; he was a tall, stylish, fine looking fellow, with expressive dark eyes and wavy dark brown hair; his mustache was the secret envy of more than half of his associates; his figure was really elegant in its grace and suppleness; his uniforms fitted him like a glove, and were invariably of Hatfield's choicest handiwork. Appearances were with him in every sense of the word; and yet there was some reason why his society was politely but positively shunned by several of his brother officers and "cultivated" by none.

It was only a few years after the great war when Gordon Noel joined the Eleventh from civil life. He came of an old and influential family, and was welcomed in the regiment as an acquisition. He made friends rapidly, and was for two or three years as popular a youngster as there was in the service. Then the troop to which he was attached was ordered to the plains, via Leavenworth. It was a long journey by boat, and by the time they reached the old frontier city orders and telegrams were awaiting them, one of which, apparently to Mr. Noel's great surprise, detached him from his company and directed him to report for temporary duty at the war department in the city of Washington. He was there eighteen months during which time his regiment had some sharp battles with the Cheyennes and Kiowas in Kansas and the Indian Territory. Then a new secretary of war gave ear to the oft repeated appeals of the colonel of the Eleventh to have Mr. Noel and one or two other detached gentlemen returned to duty with their respective companies, and just as they were moving to the Pacific coast the absentees reported for duty and went along. At Vancouver and Walla Walla Noel seemed to regain by his joviality and good fellowship what he had lost in the year and a half of his absence, though there were out and out soldiers in the Eleventh who said that the man who would stay on "fancy duty" in Washington or anywhere else while his comrades were in the midst of a stirring campaign against hostile Indians couldn't be of the right sort.

Up in Oregon the Modoc troubles soon began, and several troops were sent southward from their stations, scouting. There were several little skirmishes between the various detachments and the agile Indians, with no great loss on either side; but when "Capt. Jack" retired to the natural fastness of the lava beds, serious work began, and here Mr. Noel was found to be too ill to take part in the campaign, and was sent in to San Francisco to recuperate. The short but bloody war was brought to a close without his having taken part in any of its actions, but he rejoined after a delightful convalescence in San Francisco (where it was understood that he had broken down only after riding night and day and all alone some 300 miles through the wilderness with orders to a battalion of his regiment that was urgently needed at the front), and was able to talk very glibly of what had occurred down in the Klamath Lake country. Then came his promotion to a first lieutenancy, and, as luck would have it, to a troop stationed at the Presidio.

For three months he was the gayest of the gay, the life of parties of every kind both in town and in garrison; he was in exuberant health and spirits; he danced night after night, and was the most popular partner ever welcomed in the parlors of hospitable San Francisco. And then all of a sudden there came tidings of an outbreak among the Arizona Apaches of so formidable a character that the division commander decided to send his Presidio troopers re-enforce the one regiment that was trying to cover a whole territory. There was pathetic parting, with no end of lamentation, when Mr. Noel was spirited away with his lynx eyed captain; but they need not have worried—those fair dames and damsels; not a hair of his handsome head was in danger, for the —th had grappled with and throttled their foes before the detachment from the Eleventh were fairly in the territory, and the latter were soon ordered to return and to bring with them, as prisoners to be confined at Alcatraz, the leaders of the outbreak, who would be turned over to them by the —th. To hear Noel tell of these fierce captives afterward was somewhat confusing, as, from his account, it would appear that they had been taken in hand-to-hand conflict by himself and a small detachment of his own troop; but these were stories told only to over credulous friends.

The Eleventh came eastward across the Rockies in time to participate in the great campaign against the Sioux in '76, and was on the Yellowstone when Custer and his favorite companies were being wiped out of existence on the Little Horn. The news of that tragedy made many a heart sick, and Mr. Noel was so much affected that when his comrades started to make a night ride to the front to join what was left of the Seventh, he was left behind, ostensibly to sleep off a violent headache. He promised to ride after and catch them next day, but, through some error, got aboard Gen. Terry's steamer, the Far West, and made himself so useful looking after the wounded that the surgeon in charge was grateful, and, knowing nothing of his antecedents, gave him a certificate on which he based an application for leave on account of sickness, and went to Bismarck with the wounded, and thence to the distant east, where he thrilled clubs and dinner tables with graphic accounts of the Custer battle and how we got up just in time to save the remnant of the Seventh.

The Eleventh fought all through the campaign of '76 and the chase after Chief Joseph in '77; but Noel was again on temporary duty at the war department, and there he stayed until '78, by which time various officials had become acquainted with some of the facts in the case. The Eleventh "cold shouldered" him for a while after he got back; but they happened to be now in a region where there were no "hostiles," and where hops, germans, theatricals, tableaux and entertainments of all kinds were the rage. No other man could be half so useful to the ladies as Gordon Noel. He had just come from Washington and knew everything; and when they took him up and made much of him 'twas no use for the men to stand aloof; they had to take him up too.

Lane was adjutant of the regiment at this time; and he, having seen every report and letter with reference to Mr. Noel that had been filed in the office, would hardly speak to him at all except when on duty, and this feeling was intensified when, a year or so later, they were suddenly hurried to Arizona on account of a wild dash of the Chiricahuas, and as the different companies took the field and hastened in the pursuit Mr. Noel was afflicted with a rheumatic fever of such alarming character that the youthful "contract" surgeon who had accompanied his troop held him back at the railway and speedily sent him east on a three months' sick leave, which family influence soon made six. And this was about the record and reputation that Mr. Noel had succeeded in making when Capt. Rawlins was ready to bet Capt. Greene that, despite it all, the regimental Adonis would get the recruiting detail, vice Lane, for everybody knew Fred Lane so well as to prophesy that he would apply to be relieved and ordered to rejoin his regiment, and everybody was eager to see him take hold of poor old Curran's troop, for if anybody could "straighten it out" Lane could.

The news that Noel was named by the colonel caused a sensation at regimental headquarters which the Eleventh will probably not soon forget. "Old Riggs" had become the commander of the regiment after it seemed that the Indian wars were over and done with, and, thanks to our peculiar system of promotion, was now at the head of an organization with which he had never served as subaltern, captain or junior field officer. Discipline forbade saying anything to his face—for which the colonel was devoutly thankful—but everybody said to everybody else that it was all Mrs. Riggs' doing, a fact which the colonel very well knew.

So did Noel, though he rushed into the club room apparently overwhelmed with amazement and delight:

"I supposed of course it would be Follansbee. I never dreamed he would give it to me. Come up, crowd! come up everybody! It's champagne today," he jovially shouted; and there were men who could not bear to snub him openly. Nothing had really ever been proved against him; why should they judge him? But there were several who declined, alleging one excuse or another, and even those who drank with him did so while applauding Wharton's toast.

"Well, Noel, here's to you! It ought to have been Follansbee; but I wish you the joy of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

John W. Payne, formerly secretary to Governor Morton of Indiana, died at Kansas City alone and in abject poverty.

After a collision on the Northern Pacific road Engineer Louis A. Harmon was found dead in the cab without a scratch on his body. It is believed he died of fright.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each.2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Amazons."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"New Blood."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE IRISH FLAG IN THE WAR.

The following appeared in the Chicago *Times* of Sunday last:

Is it a fact that the Irish flag was a great feature of and carried triumphantly through our late civil war? STARS AND STRIPES.

So far as we know it was carried by only two regiments, one from this state and one from New York.

The *Times* is greatly misinformed in regard to the Irish flag during the Civil War. It was carried by the Twenty-third and Ninetieth Illinois Infantry; the Seventeenth Wisconsin; the Thirty-fifth Indiana; the Tenth Ohio; the Sixty-ninth and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania; the Thirty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York; the Ninth and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, and many other organizations which were almost exclusively Irish. The howl against the Irish flag is an English-Orange howl, not an American howl, although some "Americans" are weak enough to join in it. These "Americans" are generally of Tory origin, and inherit the bitterness of their ancestry against all who were friends and allies of the Revolution inaugurated by the Fathers, and well sustained by the sons of France, Poland and Ireland. Acting Mayor George B. McClellan, son of the famous general, who was asked to prevent the Irish flag from being displayed on the city hall of Brooklyn, last St. Patrick's Day, replied to the bigoted deputation, "My father had no fault to find with the green flag in the Peninsula or at Antietam, and if it was good enough to fly beside the national flag in battle, it is good enough to fly beside it in peace." This noble reply squelched the bigots and they departed discomfited.

If a war were to break out tomorrow, the green flag would be again in great demand, as a recruiting emblem. The very people who now find fault with it would declare it the most beautiful color that ever was seen, and, if a draft were ordered, would hasten to fly to Canada or else buy substitutes. We know these gentry of old. England's great purpose for centuries has been to blot the very name and memory of Ireland from the face of creation. She has vanquished Ireland, in the physical sense, but, sentimentally, the race sprung from Irish soil is as unconquered as ever. The survival of the Irish flag is gall and wormwood to England and her Orange allies. Hence all the row about its display, in this country, where, in spite of bigots and tyrants, it will be respected to the end of time.

Think on Old Brian, war's mighty lion,
'Neath that banner 'twas he smote the Dane,
Northman and Saxon oft turned their backs on
Those who bore it o'er each crimson plain:
Beal-an-atha-bwee beheld it
Bagenals fiery onset curb—
Scotch Monroe would fain have felled it,
Our fathers chased him from red Benburb!

The Irish flag has memories too glorious to be forgotten by those whose fathers won glory beneath its glittering folds. Since Art MacMurrough slew Roger Mortimer at Kells, and routed Thomas of Lancaster at Athcroe, it has been the Irish battle symbol, dividing the honors with the Red Hand of Ulster in the remoter centuries, and becoming, in 1798, exclusively the flag of Ireland. Whether it flew, or did not fly, above the Irish battalions at Limerick or Fontenoy makes no difference in our day. It flew above the soldiers of Sarsfield and Clare in spirit, if not in fact, because while fighting for the exiled Stuart, they identified his cause with that of their country's independence. But the flag that waved in '98 at Oulart, Enniscorthy, Wexford, Arklow, Ballyellis, Tubbernearing, New Ross and Vinegar Hill, Antrim and Ballynahinch; and, on this soil, from Fair Oaks to Antietam and from Fredericksburg to Missionary Ridge, has won glory enough, both Irish and American, to make it respected by all whose good will is worth having. McClellan and Hancock, Sumner and Richardson, Franklin and Miles—all American generals, without a drop of Irish blood in their veins—have borne testimony to its glory on fields where it was drenched with the blood of the brave. Let us hope that some day, not far distant, it may wave over the legation of an Irish Republic, or, at least, an independent Ireland, in Washington.

ROMANCE OF FENIANISM.

What a change in the fortunes of a country so small a span of time as thirty years can bring! Three decades ago, this day, Ireland was nearly as formidable an enemy to England as she was in 1782 and 1798. Her spirit was high, the country was prosperous, and some six millions of people still lived within her sea engirdled shores. Whiggery was held in as much contempt as Toryism, and only the old national political faith, pure and simple, had any hold on the hearts of her younger generation. Today, a majority of Irishmen seem to lean on the English Whigs for support, and some, at least, of the young men listen to the party which, as the late Sitting Bull used to say of our Indian commissioners, "speaks with two tongues." A writer in the *Irish Weekly Independent*, who is reviewing a work called the "Romance of Fenianism," dealing with the days of '64 and '65, says:

"New Year's Day, 1865, beheld the Fenians virtually masters of the situation. The hour had come, but Stephens dallied and delayed. The actual situation was this: There were in Ireland nearly a quarter of a million initiated members. Of these over 40,000 had been trained in the militia, and all had received more or less military instruction in the moonlight drills. They had few arms, it is true, and those principally pikes, but the government, despite the frenzied appeals of the Cork, Sligo, Tipperary, Louth and other magistrates, and the almost ridiculous panic among the landed gentry all over the island, had steadfastly refused to be alarmed, and there were numerous military stores all over the country which were practically undefended. There was scarcely a British regiment in Ireland which had not a Fenian contingent, ready at a given signal to surprise and disarm their comrades and turn over the fort or barracks they held to the revolutionists. As an actual matter of fact James Stephens boasted that there was not a barrack in Ireland of which he had not the keys, and on one occasion he spent three days and nights in the Pigeon House Fort, in Dublin. Some of the infantry regiments were almost entirely Fenian. The Third Buffs, for example, out of a muster of eight hundred and odd men, had a Fenian circle of nearly 500 members. Colonel Valentine Baker told John Boyle O'Reilly that he had ruined the finest cavalry regiment in the British service—the Tenth Hussars. So strong a grip had Fenianism obtained in the English garrison that in the spring of 1865 there was a meeting of sergeants of the regular army in Dublin, and a deputation sent from it to James Stephens to implore him to allow the soldiers to light the torch. 'In three days,' said the spokesman, 'we will deliver into your hands the Pigeon House Fort, the Magazine in the Phœnix Park, Beggar's Bush, Linenhall, Clonmel, Ballincollig, Nenagh, Dundalk, Sligo, and fifty other barracks, with all their guns and munitions of war.' In England and Scotland there were 25,000 Fenians, of whom 7,000 or 8,000 were in the Volunteers and held their own rifles. The civil war was coming to a close in the United States, and at least 200,000 veteran soldiers, Irishmen or sons of Irishmen, would have leaped into the fight for Irish independence. The enthusiasm among Irish-Americans was at white heat. Money would have poured into the Fenian treasury by the million. The Americans themselves were still sore against England over the Alabama depredations, the Mason and Slidell humiliation, and the bitter tone of the English Press generally towards the Union cause. And, above and beyond all, the British government of that time knew practically nothing of the Fenian movement or its programme. All its knowledge was based on rumors—vague, misty, intangible. But the Fenians themselves seemed resolved that the world should know their purposes and their power. Drill meetings became almost open. Fenians in frieze fraternized with Fenians in England's cruel red. The public houses became concert halls, where soldiers alternated with civilians singing rebellious lyrics. Some of the soldiers grew reckless, and desertions became frequent. A scarlet uniform was almost an 'open sesame' to an Irish home. Lord Wodenhouse, the new lord lieutenant, too, was of less indifferent calibre than his predecessor, the Earl of Carlisle. He became thoroughly alarmed, and his alarm communicated itself to the military authorities."

Before, however, the government became alarmed, the Fenians had had plenty of time to do good missionary work among both regulars and militia.

"At the end of 1863," says the *Independent's* reviewer, "the Fenians were rich enough to establish the *Irish People* newspaper. Such an organ was really not necessary, and it eventually proved more of a trap than anything else. In the beginning of 1864 the Fenian Brotherhood numbered at least 200,000 men. Money was pouring in from America. The manufacture of pikes was proceeding merrily through the length and breadth of the land. There were 5,000 Fenians in the English Volunteers, gaining military knowledge and supplied with rifles. When the Irish militia was called out for its summer training there were whole regiments (with the exception of the officers) affiliated to the revolutionists. It was Colonel Robinson, of the Louth Militia, I think, though Viscount Masserene is claimed by others, who first sounded a note of alarm respecting the militia. When the Louth regiment, almost all new recruits, was paraded for the first day's drill in that summer of 1864, the men performed their military evolvtions with such precision that the colonel almost fell off his horse in surprise. 'Why, d—n it,' he exploded, 'these are not militiamen—they're regulars.' 'Midnight drill with the Fenians,'' sententiously explained another officer. Either Masserene or Robinson reported to the Commander-in-Chief Sir George Brown, and similar reports of the mysterious proficiency of other 'green' militia regiments coming from other officers, Brown began to lose his calmness and to ask for reinforcements. But these new regiments proved more a source of weakness than strength to the Castle, for about this period the Fenian executive planned inroads into the very ranks of the enemy."

It was the report of the military authorities in Ireland about this time that caused the London *Times* to declare that "Fenianism had eaten its way to the very foot of the throne itself!" It is impossible to say now why the propitious moment was not utilized by the leaders of the movement. Doubtless the split in the Fenian ranks in this country had something to do with the fatal delay. When the blow was sought to be struck at last, in March 1867, the favorable hour had passed away, and the attempt ended in disorganization and ruin. Ireland has lost nearly one million and a half people, not counting the natural increase, by emigration since that disastrous year, but she has lost more—the spirit that made Irishmen plan and dare deeds that only irresolution on the part of the leaders, and treason on the part of subordinates, rendered of no avail. Still, with all its defeats and misfortunes, Fenianism did not die entirely fruitless. It did not leave behind the glorious memory of the United Irishmen, but it, at least, taught Ireland that England is most vulnerable in the very centre of her wealth and power—on the island of Great Britain itself.

TREASON IN PEORIA.

Peoria, Ill., has won the very unenviable notoriety of being the headquarters of Knownothingism in this country. Regardless of the constitution of the State, which guarantees to every citizen freedom of conscience, a set of alleged Americans in that city have raised the flag of proscription, which, under the circumstances, is the flag of treason and rebellion. Not even the Copperheads or the Anarchists have exceeded these people in their defiance of the constitution. While Attorney General Moloney is proceeding against the trusts, for violation of State laws, why should he not also proceed against the Peoria A.P.A. for violation of the constitution? This kind of meddling with the religious opinions of citizens, and their persecution for conscience sake, must have a speedy end, if peace is to be preserved in this country. The A.P.A. element in Peoria is insolent in its weight of numbers, and, by the way, Peoria is no longer a Republican or a Democratic, but a Knownothing city. But the Peorians must remember that there is an enormous mass of people, both Protestant and Catholic, outside its precincts who will not long tolerate the Reign of Terror against Catholicity that has been there inaugurated.

The latest development of this insensate bigotry in North Peoria has for its object the removal of a German Catholic teacher, Prof. A.J. Bookmeyer, formerly principal of the Brimfield schools. A telegram from Peoria, dated Monday, says in this connection:

"It was soon after his engagement that the citizens discovered that Mr. Bookmeyer was a Roman Catholic. North Peoria is filled with American Protective Association members, and they soon commenced an open warfare against the new principal and the members of the board of directors, Messrs. William Hawley Smith and S. B. Hazard, who engaged him. This war has been going on for some days, many heated debates occurring in the street. The trouble culminated this evening in an indignation meeting, which was attended by nearly every voter in the district. George T. Gilliam, a well-known attorney, called the meeting to order, and John Short was elected chairman. As a preliminary move a motion was passed that at the end of the debate a vote be taken as to whether the board of directors should be sustained or not. Speeches were made by more than a score of the citizens. Few favored the principal and the directors. Many favored moderation and desired that Mr. Bookmeyer be allowed to teach out the year, now that he had been engaged. The hot-heads declared that 98 per cent of the people were Protestants and severely censured Mr. Bookmeyer and the directors. Neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Hazard was present, but Edgar Scott, another member of the board, was. Some months ago he was shot, and it was while lying in bed that his signature to the report engaging Mr. Bookmeyer was secured. He stated to the meeting that it was by false representation. At the conclusion of the debate the citizens decided by an overwhelming majority to reject the action of the school board. A motion was passed to ask Mr. Bookmeyer to resign, and a committee of three was appointed to wait on him. A motion was also passed to ask Messrs. Hazard and Smith to resign, and a second committee was appointed to wait on them, their action to be reported at a future meeting."

People of liberal mind who read the foregoing will begin to ask themselves, "Is this a free country any longer?" In what other country pretending to a high degree of civilization is such a brutal spectacle exhibited? The only approach to it is the conduct of the Russians toward the unhappy Jews who live, or try to live, under the ferocious government of the Czar. Such exhibitions are damaging to the American national character, and productive of bitter feelings of animosity among men and women who ought to feel toward each other as members of one great family. It is a return to the penal brutalities which tortured Ireland for more than a century, and cannot be justified, except on the brute argument of superior force. "It is excellent," says Shakespeare, "to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." So with the masses of the Protestants of Peoria. Protestantism has pleaded for ages that it is the champion of freedom of conscience, and yet we have it existing in Peoria as a persecutor of the minority. This, surely, is shameful to the last degree, and cannot be permitted to continue. The constitution of Illinois was made for Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, believers and unbelievers alike, and any sect or section that violates it is, we repeat, guilty of treason, and should be dealt with accordingly by the properly constituted authorities. We hope Attorney-General Moloney will give the matter his immediate attention.

AN ENGLISHMANS TRIBUTE TO IRISH SCENERY.

The English tourists, although generally blind enough to the good qualities of the inhabitants of Ireland are by no means deficient in their admiration of Irish scenery. Humorous Thackeray and saturnine Carlyle have both, each in his own peculiar fashion, done it more or less justice, and here and there we have seen fugitive sketches by occasional English travelers in Ireland that exalted its natural beauties above those of England, Wales and Scotland. Now comes an English tourist, in a periodical called *The Idler*, who gives us his views of the Lakes of Killarney in part as follows:

"The little river that flows into Serpent Lake twists and turns in true serpentine fashion, and is said to represent the track the snake made when going to its lengthened stay in the lake region. There is a celebrated echo in the Pass, and for some time we have been followed by men and boys with bugles, who offered to arouse it for a small consideration. A reputable firm of cannon-firers, who, with their ordnance, work in conjunction with the echo, the latter being a sleeping partner until the guns are fired, sent advance agents to us respectfully soliciting our patronage. They were echo makers to the nobility and gentry, so of course we paid the shot.

"The Pass itself is very grand, and the surrounding scenery exceedingly beautiful. Purple Mountain, so-called strangely enough because it is purple, keeps constant watch over the traveller through the Gap. It is one of the most lovely mountains in the world, the purple heather which gives it its color being of a pure delicate hue, most charming to look upon. Once over the Pass, descent is made by a long looped road, reminding one of Alpine scenes, down into the Black Valley, a gloomy gorge that fully justifies its name. At last we come to a gate, and here we turn the ponies over to their owners. Good-natured young fellows our three guides were, full of information and legend, anxious that those who rode their steeds should have a good time and the worth of their money. We now had to pay tribute in order to get to the Upper Lake. A shilling toll is demanded at most of the entrances of the Herbert estate. You get the Torc waterfall and some other attractions at sixpence each. The money is said to go towards maintaining the roads, and the particular tax we paid doubtless went to keeping the lakes in repair. The wear and tear of the lake caused by small boats going over it, is something that a mere city dweller has no idea of. We found two men in a boat waiting for us, not to mention the lunch.

"The scenery of the Upper Lake is wild and rugged. In one spot a mountain called Eagle's Nest rises sheer from the water's edge, a thousand feet into the air, like a miniature Matterhorn. The chief boatman was as full of legendary lore as were the pony drivers. He pointed out the marks on the solid rock where somebody and his guide had jumped, and sure enough there were the gigantic footprints to prove it. Let us hope the lady was not troubled with cold feet, for they were large enough to lower the temperature all over the South of Ireland. The boat, bottom upwards, was turned to rock, and remains so to this day. We came to a bay with no visible outlet. The boatmen asked us to guess the way out. We all guessed wrong, and our galley slave was happy for the rest of the day. We shot the rapids under the Old Weir Bridge, and drew up at Dinish Island, a scene of sylvan beauty the like of which is not to be found in many a long day's ramble. Here is the Meeting of the Waters, and just round the corner are the Colleen Bawn rocks and caves that brought Boucicault a fortune. The Middle Lake has a quiet, soft beauty of its own that is peaceful and comforting after the savage grandeur of the Upper Lake. We pass under the bridge of the Perfect Arch into the Great Lake, where the wind from the west coast is raising waves that are quite respectable. The huge Magillicuddy's Reeks stand out in all their majesty, and keep an eye on us until we are lauded at Ross Castle."

Surely a country that contains such natural attractions ought to be a favorite resort for Americans of all races. Yet thousands of our people go yearly across the Atlantic and never deign to look at Ireland, except from the deck of the ocean steamer. This should not be. Some Americans imagine, in fact, that Ireland is nothing but a bunch of rocks, bogs and loughs. They certainly cannot doubt the evidence of the Englishman, who has no race pride to gratify in the matter, and we can assure them that Killarney is only one among a thousand beauty spots in the Emerald Island.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never plann'd
For slumbering slaves a home so grand!

THE bill for the relief of the evicted tenants in Ireland was rejected, as anticipated, by the British house of lords on Tuesday by a vote of 249 to 30. Nobody is surprised at this outcome. The spawn of the Norman robbers will not disgorge their Irish plunder. And the English people will never abolish the house of lords on any Irish issue. Baron Herschel, who supported the bill, said, very truly, that arguing before the lords was "waste of breath."

GEN. MILES is engaged in maneuvering the force of 1,800 regular soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery, at Evanston. Owing to the extended order in which the troops now form, it was difficult to find ground suitable for the manœuvres. Immense crowds of people are witnessing the evolutions, which will continue until the 22d inst.

SANTO, the assassin of President Carnot, was beheaded by the guillotine at Lyons, France, early on Thursday morning. He showed lack of nerve at the final moment, but managed to shout for anarchy before the fatal knife fell.

THE house of representatives having meekly acquiesced in the senate's amendments to the Wilson bill, and having, in addition, swallowed the sugar pill in favor of the trust, the president's signature alone is wanting to make the mongrel production a law, and that signature is not likely to be withheld. The country will give a sigh of relief when the most tedious congress in its history adjourns.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

IRELAND'S EXILED SOLDIERS.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

I name them exiles all who flee
From alien rule—from foreign bands—
To battle 'mong the brave and free
On other shores—in other lands.

I call them exiles all who stray
From Erin's fair and fertile shore
To dare the battles dread array—
The martial line—the cannon's roar.

When freedom's goddess mans her guns—
Marshals her hosts—with sword and shield—
Proud Erin's gallant exil'd sons
Support her flag on ev'ry field.

Far from the bright land of their birth—
By mountain, forest, field and flood—
The battle-plains of all the earth
Bear lasting stains of Irish blood.

Where hottest, fiercest raged the fray—
Where battle's waves roll'd wild and red—
Was heard their slogan "clear the way"
Across the lines of quick and dead.

In field and siege—mid shell and shot—
Where others falter and despair—
Where fiercest struggle marks the spot—
See her proud sons the victors there.

Go search in danger's foremost ranks
In the mad conflict's deadly brunt,
The men from Foyle's and Shannon's banks
Are steadfast found in glory's front.

Where carnage pour'd its crimson stream
The battle's hottest lines along,
Their sabres' flash—their bayonets' gleam—
Gave consecrated names to song.

Behold them carve their country's name
In deathless letters on the scroll—
The muster-roll of endless fame—
And fight their way to glory's goal.

And where has ebbed war's bloody tide
Go! scan the field and count the slain—
Where Ireland's dead lie side by side
Like swaths upon the battle-plain.

Yes! search the plains where heros rest
On bloodiest fields of war and death,
And find the highest, proudest crest
Deck'd with the shamrock's emerald wreath.

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of the Eminent Irish Writers of the Present Day.

David J. O'Donoghue, Whose "Poets of Ireland" is One of the Most Important Contributions to Irish Literature.

PART III.

One of the most important contributions to Irish literature for many years was a work, "The Poets of Ireland," published by David J. O'Donoghue two years ago in London. It was a biographical dictionary which contained, as far as it was possible to get, all the names of the writers of Irish birth or descent who ever published song or poem. Another feature which enhanced its value, was the addition of all the bibliographical particulars pertaining to the works of the subjects.

It has been a fact much lamented by men of letters that no care had been taken to preserve or gather biographical materials relating to the hosts of brilliant writers produced by Ireland for centuries past. Their fame has been dependent on their works, and a country with a wealth of the most brilliant literary productions had, without exception, the poorest collection of biography in Europe. There were many collections of poetry and prose extracts in which a few meagre facts relating to the authors were given, but if, for any purpose, a complete or even a passably full biographical sketch of eny eminent litterateur was desired, or if one wished to study his life, the task of obtaining sufficient data was enormously difficult or utterly hopeless on account of the absence of biographical and bibliographical details.

A few years ago there was no such thing as a complete dictionary of Irish biography, nor even one that was fairly so. There were two or three which consisted mainly of historical characters, of politicians, a few saints and divines of various denominations. The purely literary, not to speak of the artistic, side of Irish genius was passed over as a rule, and many admirable writers—mere writers—omitted altogether. The carelessness with which biographical material of great interest and value is handled in Ireland and the lack of curiosity, if one might call it so, were undoubtedly responsible for this lamentable state of affairs. The most brilliant genius in the country might at one time have passed out of recollection altogether and no record appear in the papers of his death; and no one could be sure of more than a few lines of an obituary notice up to a very recent date. The spread of education has made some changes in this respect everywhere, but less in Ireland than elsewhere. Consequently it was useless to search Irish biographical records for other than the most famous people, as the death of a really good writer was often unnoticed.

Such was the outlook in Irish literature when a young litterateur, David J. O'Donoghue, appeared upon the scene. For some years his name had been appended to translations from Heine, Beranger and others of the French and German poets, but the work which has made him famous was still to come. While connected with the Southwark Literary Society the lack of a good biographical dictionary was perceived by him and he at once set to work to complete a volume of this description. Two or three times the plans of the construction of the volume were changed. To follow on the lines of Allibone and give only the writers who had published volumes would oblige him to leave out Dowling, Locke, Brennan and a hundred others whose poems are excellent and whose works, owing to the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, have never been collected. Again, many writers possessing but little genius have been admitted to the book, not because they perpetrated poetry, but because their volumes possess interest and are curious from a historical standpoint. There are also many writers included who have given the world but a few poems or a single poem of great merit, yet what work of the kind would be complete without the name of Dr. J. K. Ingram, whose genius gave us that soul-stirring lyric, "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

The labor of collecting the mass of materials for the work must have been stupendous. There was no special book of reference to go by and everything had to be obtained by delving into the magazines of the century on file in the British Museum, and in catalogues of public and private libraries. Once collected, then came the more difficult task of separating the wheat from the chaff. Correspondence was entered into with all the living authors of prominence, and in 1892 came the announcement that the first part of the dictionary was ready and in the hands of the printers.

David J. O'Donoghue was born in historic "Sweet Chelsey" (Chelsea), London, on July 22, 1865. He was sent to a Catholic school in his native place, but at an early age was apprenticed to learn the artistic furniture trade. After serving out the time of his indentures, the business not being congenial to his tastes, it was at once given up for a literary career. Young O'Donnell had fitted himself well for this life before he entered upon it. While working at his trade he taught himself both French and German and became thoroughly acquainted with English literature. He was an omniverous reader, fairly devouring all kinds of reading, scientific, works on travel, poetry and fiction. Translations by him from the German and French poets, especially of the works of Heine and Beranger, appeared in the columns of the *Nation*, *Young Ireland*, the *Shamrock*, and other papers, as well as numerous articles on Irish subjects. Later on he wrote for *United Ireland* and then received an appointment as a staff editorial writer on the *Weekly Freeman*. He was on the staffs of the *Evening Telegraph*, the *Weekly Press* and the *Evening*

Press also. In conjunction with Francis A. Fahey, the well known poet, he wrote for the *Evening Telegraph* a work called "Ireland in London," a review of the Irish literary movement in the great metropolis, as well as a picture of the Irish element in the dramatic and art circles of the great city. The article made quite a success and was republished in book form and sold outright by the authors. It has since had quite an extensive sale and has made considerable money for the publishers.

Although his pen had been engaged on Irish subjects for many years, the first time Mr. O'Donoghue visited Ireland was in 1891, and in March, 1892, the first part of his "Dictionary of Irish Poets" was issued. The work was given a genuine Irish welcome by all the Irish literary men, not only in Ireland and England, but all over the globe, and the papers vied with each other in according it the most flattering praise. The Irish Literary Society of London, which had recently been formed, celebrated the event by tendering a banquet to the compiler, at which some of the most eminent literary lights of the day were present.

Mr. O'Donoghue is an indefatigable worker. No sooner is one of his works completed and in the hands of his publishers than he is at work on another. Since publishing his Dictionary, a collection of Irish humor has been made and published by him, and there is now in the hands of one of the leading publishers of London a history of famous Irish women from the earliest times to the present day. The work has been illustrated by some of the best artists and will be issued in a sumptuous style. At the present time he is engaged on a biographical dictionary of Irish artists, musicians and actors. The work will contain notices of all the famous Irish artists, singers, composers, architects, sculptors and engravers on both sides of the Atlantic. He has collected an enormous mass of material for this work which promises to be of equal importance with the "Dictionary of Poets," if not more so. Ireland has given to the world a host of eminent lights in all branches of art and we have absolutely no work of reference to look for any data about them at the present time.

If Mr. O'Donoghue had done nothing more than compile his "Dictionary of the Poets" he would have earned everlasting fame. It was a work which cost years of study and hard labor to accomplish. Hundreds of the writers have utterly passed from Irish memory and troop like risen dead over O'Donoghue's pages. There was something spectral and grim about them, over many of them hanging more touching interest than that which centres around those famished figures of old Fleet street, of whom Johnson and Savage could tell stories, and who follow us like ghosts from English literary history. It is a work that is absolutely necessary to the Irish literary writer, as it furnishes information which has hitherto been difficult to obtain and in constant requisition.

It will surprise many to know that the patriot Robert Emmet was a poet. Such, however was the case; and in the volume we find that Theobald Wolfe Tone, William Smith O'Brien and several other of the names that illumine the pages of Irish history were attached to poetry at different times. Many of the writers on this side of the Atlantic are also represented in the work. We find the names of Maurice Francis Egan, Joseph O'Connor, Rev. Patrick Cronin, Margaret F. Sullivan, Rowland B. Mahany, T. O'Neill Russell, Michael Scanlan, W. J. Scanlan, P. G. Smyth, Rev. T. A. Butler, Eugene Davis, James Jeffrey Roche, Margaret O'Brien, Patrick Coleman and many others whose names are familiar to the readers of our magazines and dailies.

Socially, Mr. O'Donoghue is a great favorite, for although he is deeply versed in all the intricate highways and byways of literature, not only Irish literature but English and Continental literature, he is not in the slightest degree bookish. He is one of the fortunate young men that every one believes in—and I don't think they will be disappointed.

M. J. MURPHY.

GAELIC POETRY.

Da m-beidheadh fairsinge oir in mo phoca.

Dá m-béidheadh fairsinge óir in mo phóca
Ní chaithfinn an t-ór sin i n-ól;
Acht air dhruim cailín éigin bhéidheadh clóca
De'n t-síoda is féarr as an t-seol;
Air dhruim cailín éigin bhéidheadh clóca
Do chuirfeadh eud báis air na mná'—
Acht ní'l fairsinge óir in mo phóca,
'S ní síoda tá clóca mo ghrádh.

Dá m-budh liom-sa na seóda is mine,
'S na peurlaidhe faoi dhoimhne na d-tonn,
Ní fada bhéidheadh caillín beag, críona,
Gan corúin lán-luachmhar d'á ceann.
Acht ní liom-sa na seóda is mine,
No na peurlaidhe faoi dhoimhne na d-tonn;
Agus caitheann mo chaillín beag, críona,
An corúin thug nádúr d'á ceann.

Dá m-budh liom-sa an caisleán is áille
Do tógadh air thalamh ariamh,
Bhéidheadh laetbe mo bheatha faoi sgáile
Gan caillín beag ann le mo thaoibh.
Acht ní liom-sa an caisleán is áille,
'S ní'l céille air bith le mo thaoibh;
Olr i m-bothán ag imíol an t-sáile
Tá'n caillín sin suighte, ag sníomh.

Dá m-budh liom-sa mór-shaidhbhreas na cruinne,
Is luathgháireach chuartóchainn I,
Do n-déarfainn, "a n-glacfair naim sloinne
A ghaduidhe bhig dluinn mo chroidhe?"
Acht ní liom-sa mór-shaidhbhreas na cruinne
Le bronntanus dheunamh air mhnaoi,
Gus tá caillín beag, maiseach gan sloinne
An fhir so a d'fhág sí gan creidhe.

Nois ag sgriobhadh go h-amaideach tá me
Air nelthibh nach m-baineann lem' chéill,
Oir is dilse 's is daora dom' ghrádh me
Ná fear air bith eile le fághail.
Is dilse go mór le mo ghrádh mé
Gan seódaibh, gan caisleon, gan ór;
Acht, mo bhrón, ní'l me séasa mar tá me
Gan cuideachta soibhian mo stóir.

Dá m-budh liom-sa an cdig agus punta
Le tuarasdal eléirigh do dhíol,
Ní fada bhéidheadh plár-bheah an ghondae
Go h-uaigneach air thráigh Innis-Caoil.
Acht tá mise gan piosa dheich b-pighinne
Le tuarasdal eléirigh do dhíol,
A's ní cluinfear ceol beinse a m-bliadhna
Cá sheinm air thráigh Innis-Caoil.

PADRAIC.

Tones Up the System.

DOLTON'S STATION, Ill., July 23, '94.—We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it an excellent blood purifier and tonic. We are advanced in years and find we need an occasional touling up, and Hood's does it. GEO. J. KINNEY.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

"SAXON OR ROMAN?"

A Correspondent of "The Citizen" Takes Up the Question in Regard to English Origin and Character.

He Holds to the Belief that the Inhabitants of Albion are Saxon, Not Roman.

In a recent number of a publication called the *Social Economist*, there is an article on the above query in which the writer with the gravity of Solomon himself, tells us that the British nation must not be considered any longer as the descendants of the Saxons or Danes, but that "Roman blood had determined the quality of the British race" to such an extent during Roman occupation of Hodge's "right tight little island," as to entitle him to regard himself as the descendant of Cæsar, pure and simple. If this is not putting on "airs and frills" with a lavish hand, we scarcely know what to call it. Less than that "raised the devil among the tailors." It's a corker, a whopper and a sockdolager all rolled into one. The writer of the article (evidently a Britisher, or, perhaps, an American Britisher), is inflated with the over-estimated greatness and grandeur of the race he belongs to; and true to the British instinct of self-importance, gravely informs us that there has been "in spirit a transfer of ancient Rome to modern Britain and America." Mark how patronizing he is towards America. It may be that his idea of America is limited to that portion of America (of small consequence, thank God), which regards itself as one in blood and feeling with "the mother-country, England." The idea of an America, extending from ocean to ocean, and peopled by representatives of every race under heaven, is too large for the average Briton to grasp.

Now it is nothing new for the average Briton to consider himself descended from a source the very opposite to that from which in reality he comes. His own countryman, Matthew Arnold, says that Englishmen at one period regarded themselves more closely related to the Hebrew race than any other. Here are his exact words: "Puritanism had so assimilated Bible ideas and phraseology—names like Ebenezer and notions like that of hewing Agag in pieces—came so natural to the lovers of England, that the sense of affinity between the Teutonic and Hebrew nature was quite strong; a steady middle-class Anglo-Saxon much more imagined himself Ehud's cousin than Ossian's." So that if the Roman idea should now become "the proper caper," we must not be surprised; and if the Anglo-American jackass "cousin," who drawls his words, apes the English style of clothing, bangs his hair, and clips his horse's tail, should now shed his little cady of a hat and his wide pants and array himself in a flowing toga and sandals, all plebeians will respectfully move off the earth when they see him coming. The neighborhood of high buildings should be carefully avoided by the Romans during windy weather. Imagine one of our own Romans crossing at the Masonic Temple, and the wind blowing even thirty miles an hour! As Ouida puts it—and really I do not like to quote her—"The wind went whistling up under his toga, and sported with his dignity."

More than once THE CITIZEN has exploded the false notions of the alleged superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race. The pen of a New Mexican writer—Mr. Morrison—dealt with the subject only a few weeks ago in THE CITIZEN; and in a still later number Mr. T. O'N. Russell, of Dublin, told us that the Saxon English, or whatever they were before their defeat at the battle of Hastings, were of small consequence, and never of themselves could have made a great nation; and that it was only when French blood was injected into them that they began to be powerful, and formed a language and literature. It remained hidden from view, and probably would have remained hidden much longer, the knowledge we learn from the *Social Economist*, until this writer of deep ethnological research discovered in the Anglo-Saxon race "the countrymen of Cato and Cæsar." Here are his words: "A narrow sectarianism and a meagre view of ethnological influence closed the British mind to the abundant proofs that Roman blood had determined the quality of the British race before any Angles, Danes, Saxons or Normans ever landed on the shores of Britain. The Roman had held sway in Britain before the fall of Rome for upward of four centuries between B. C. 43 and A. D. 410. This was longer than the period that has elapsed since the discovery of America by Columbus. In a single campaign of the earlier period of Roman conquests 60,000 lives had been lost in fighting the tattooed Britons. There is no evidence that one-sixth as many Angles ever entered the country, and had the whole Angle tribe come, men, women and children, it could not have mustered so many.

The Romans filled England with farms until on one occasion the great city of Rome (then 2,300,000 inhabitants) was rescued from famine by importations of wheat from Britain. Roman roads bound together all the cities and towns of England, and extended far up into Scotland. The Saxons, and later the Angles, came as allies and not as invaders. Their number cannot be known. Britain had been drained of many of its Roman troops in the campaign in aid of Maximus, and in the conquest of Bretagne in Gaul. But it was never overrun like Spain, Germany and Italy by the barbarous tribe of Goths, Huns, Vandals and Visigoths. In no part of Europe were the chances so good of preserving the Roman blood in so large measure. From the Saxons, Angles and Danes the English blood may have drawn saving, trading and plodding qualities. From the original tattooing Britons, Silures or Welsh, Picts and Gaels they derived endurance and toughness under defeat. But how could they escape deriving from four centuries of Roman admixture those dominating and legislative forces which make the modern British race successors to the ancient Rome?

How little Gladstone's features differ from those of Cicero's, or those of Victor Hugo from the bust of Homer! The face of the most distinguished General Von Moltke is a close production of that of Julius Cæsar, yet it is not one whit more purely Roman than that of a typical American lawyer and senator, Lyman Trumbull of Illinois. The English and Americans become, on a little investigation, more clearly the countrymen of Cato and Cæsar, Angelo, Galileo Columbus and Napoleon than thousands of those who were born within the sound of the Tiber, but of immigrant blood from Sicily, Lybia, Egypt or Thrace. The British and American type of character is not Anglo-Saxon. It did not originate on the Elbe; it derives its strongest traits from that race which has been the most forceful and masterful for thirty centuries." It is easy enough to make statements; proving them is quite another thing. Where are the "abundant proofs" that the Romans during their occupation of Britain had intermingled with the Britons to such an extent as to impress their character upon them? Did the Roman give his language to the conquered Briton, or did he adopt the Briton's language? One of these two things happens when two opposite peoples intermingle to any extent. It is true that there are several Latin words found scattered through the English language, and many English words traceable to the Latin language; there also are many words in the English tongue of Celtic origin showing the presence of the Gael among them, yet who would argue from this that the Gael had impressed his character upon the Briton? And yet the claim could be made, and stand the test of investigation with more hope of success than the claim advanced for the Roman. A professor in the University of Oxford, Matthew Arnold, says (and no one can accuse him of being over-friendly to the Celt): "If I were asked where English poetry got these three things—turn for style, melancholy and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully clear and vivid way—I should answer with much doubt that it got its turn for style from a Celtic source, with less doubt that it got its source of melancholy from a Celtic source, and with no doubt at all that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its magic."

And another Englishman, Sir Henry Milne, in his "Origin of Early Institutions" informs us that in ancient times laws were preserved in a sort of verse, and that the offices of bard and judge were very closely related. The Roman law which we admire so much, and the Brehon law of our Celtic forefathers, which English laws legislated out of existence as "repugning alike to God and man," had both a common origin and starting point—our Aryan ancestors among the table lands of the far East. It matters very little that the Roman was among the Britons for more than four hundred years. To what extent has the white man impressed his character upon the American Indian in the same period, almost? Between the Roman and Briton there existed a far wider chasm than that which existed between the planter of ante-bellum days and his slaves. A Roman born in Britain no more considered himself as on a footing, or of the same race, than an Englisman many centuries afterwards "born at Calcutta regarded himself as a Hindoo." Between Roman and Briton there existed from first to last the wide distinction of master and slave. There was no softening of the social or racial barriers as time went on. History records that on one occasion when a British chief was being led in chains through Rome, he raised his eyes towards the splendid buildings and asked how people possessing such mansions at home could envy him his miserable hovel in Britain, and that the Romans were so pleased with his remark that they returned him to Britain to rule over conquered territory. This case stands alone which makes it all the more remarkable. It was in keeping with Rome's policy to destroy nothing of any good she might find in the pagan nations she subdued, "and what was best in them she appropriated to herself as elements of her own vast fabric." True, she gave to Britain, as to every other land she conquered, "the majesty of the Roman peace," and some share in the doubtful glory of pagan civilization. How slight a hold these things had upon the Britons may be learned from the fact that, soon after the withdrawal of the Roman troops from Britain, the country was plunged into a state of barbarism as fearful as that in which the Romans found them in. T. J. F.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Resolutions of Respect.

At the regular meeting of Holy Family Court No. 1, Catholic Order of Foresters, held at their hall on Tuesday, Aug. 7, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted on the death of the late Leo P. Dwyer, who died July 10:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to take to himself our honored brother and esteemed fellow-citizen, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Brother Dwyer, our court has suffered the loss of a faithful member; the Catholic Order of Foresters a trustworthy and persevering worker; the community an honored and patriotic citizen, a devout Catholic and an honest man, and his family a true and loving husband and father, so be it

Resolved, That the officers and members of the Holy Family Court extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and friends, in this their time of affliction, hoping they will find some consolation in the knowledge that he lived in the friendship of God, and that he is not dead but sleepeth, and be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this court, and a copy be properly engrossed and presented to the family of deceased, also a copy be prepared for publication; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of our court be draped for thirty days in respect of our departed brother.

M. HEANEY, Chief Ranger.
Committee: J. J. Collins, William Schaffer, and W. J. Wallace.

Less Than Half Rates to Colorado.

On Aug. 10 and 11 the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at less than one fare for the round trip; good for return passage until Sept. 13, inclusive. For tickets and full information, apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

A GORIOUS ANNIVERSARY.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

crowded in one shapeless mass, the only object being to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the Irish enemy.

No greater disgrace ever befel the English in all their Irish wars. When the battle began our people were outnumbered nearly four to one, and yet the English lost 1,400 killed, half their entire force, and as the number of wounded is usually greater than the killed, we may conclude that very few escaped unhurt, except indeed that the superior speed which panic lent to the English runaways saved many of them from the avenger's swords, which were raging on their rear. Nearly all the arms, baggage, and standards fell into our hands. The pursuit continued all day, until the gates of Boyle closed on the defeated and demoralized English. The Irish loss was only 240 killed and wounded. Red Hugh, as generous as brave, seeing that MacDermot and O'Rourke were able to cope with the English unaided, left to them the battle and the glory, and thus closed the battle of the Curlew Mountains.

The results were far-reaching. Nearly all Connacht fell into the hands of Hugh Roe, and many of the chieftains who had weakly yielded to the enemy, now cast off the foreign yoke and gave their adhesion to the cause of liberty. Hugh O'Neil, too, relieved from all anxiety of western invasion, was able to give his entire attention to the Ulster campaign. But best of all, the grand young war eagle away off in Connacht sniffed the coming battle in Ulster and hastened with the Tyrconnell and Connacht clans to share the danger and the glory. We may judge how well timed his movements were when we learn that he joined O'Neil one day before the battle of the Yellow Ford or Beal-an-atha-bwee. On this ever memorable day O'Neil's glory reached its highest pitch of pride, and Ireland came nearer conquering the hated foe than at any time since Strongbow's landing. I think you will all thank me for reading John Mitchel's splendid description of the battle as it is far better than anything I could present to you. [Here Mr. Morrison read Mitchel's celebrated account of the battle amid breathless attention.]

Hugh O'Neill was now the acknowledged head of the National movement, for it had at last assumed that splendid attitude. Submissions were made on all sides. The English were, for the most part, pent up in their forts and castles. One of their towns, within two miles of Dublin, was burned by the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, and the invader was in imminent danger of being driven from the country, so a supreme effort must be made to avert such a disaster. Elizabeth then appointed her favorite, the Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and placed at his command 20,000 veterans. This was the largest force ever sent to Ireland, and this of itself proves the extreme gravity of the situation. In order to test the mettle of his men, Essex proceeded to make some raids among the hostile chiefs in the east and south, one of which has been immortalized in song by Richard Dalton Williams. In the old times it was a favorite recitation in the Irish Literary Association. Hoping to be the means of reviving it again for the present generation I take the liberty of reading it from memory. [Here he read the "Battle of the Pass of Plumes."]

Still Essex hesitated to move northward, for he knew that the Red Hand was flying over 6,000 veteran soldiers, led by the ever-victorious Prince of Ulster, and he knew from the bitter experiences of Norreys and Bagnall what he might expect if he ever crossed swords with him in positions of his own choosing. He had good reason for hesitation. Driven to desperation by the imperious orders of his mistress, and after receiving further reinforcements he resolved on marching northwards, a part of that campaign being the intended attack on O'Neil's flank by Sir Conyers Clifford, which was so disastrously defeated by Red Hugh's heroes in the Curlew Mountains, already described. Essex still hesitated. In fact he finally threw up his government, returned to England, was condemned to death and beheaded by his loving mistress. "Here," said Mr. Morrison, "is a good place to stop, as the climax of Irish good fortune was reached. What followed is a matter of history too voluminous for me to deal with in a single address. I may say, however, in hearing of hundreds of my old comrades, and thousands of their sons, that the method pursued by O'Neill and O'Donnell is the only method that ever can—come it sooner or later—free Ireland from the thrall of England. Hope for it, pray for it, work for it; and thus perpetuate the memory of our heroes." [Prolonged cheering.]

This ended the exercises, and a magnificent display of fireworks concluded the entertainment.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

ONE TRUE FRIEND.

BY HARRIET MAXWELL CONVERSE.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Be it battle song or a coward's cry,
A shout of fame or a victim's sigh,
A dirge of woe or a lover's lay,
That voices our joy, or pain, each day—
By bliss or bane,—in the peace we plead,
And the rest we crave, our uttermost need
Is one true friend who is friend indeed.

One true friend with the sweet good will
And the faithful love that will throb and thrill
To a kiss and tear, and will endure
Loyal and pure, and for ever sure,
Though we pale and bend like a breaking reed,
In our failing years, and our uttermost need
Is one true friend who is friend indeed.

One true friend who will watch by our side
In the maddening maze of our sudden pride,
As we craze in praise, and purr of applause,
Fearing the wounds of the velveted claws
Till, blind in the race we strive to lead,
We faint and fall, in our uttermost need
Is one true friend who is friend indeed.

One true friend in whose honest eyes
There hides no pain or the coaxing lies
That crowd and push in the pageants of life,
Tangling its joys with sorrow and strife,
And jangling the curse that bids good speed
To ruin and wrong, as our uttermost need
Is one true friend who is friend indeed.

One true friend who will share the shame
That drags the crown from our laurelled name
Deep in the dust, as we stand denied
By the mock of saints—self-sacrificed—
Who count our sins with a craven greed
And harry us down, as our uttermost need
Is one true friend who is friend indeed.

One true friend whose welcoming hand
Will bid us back when we wreck and stand,
Beggar'd and strange in poverty's dress
Of tattered rags, and the worthlessness
Of pride long lost in the chase for meed
Of gold and gain, and our uttermost need
Is one true friend who is friend indeed.

There is no life that hath not some share
Of toil and tears and secret despair;
A rapturous hope may waste unblest;
The fame we crave may bring unrest;
The joy we grasp to a grief may grow,
And the truest love have bitterest throe,
Aye, within each life there is sorry need
For one true friend who is friend indeed!

HIS GREAT LUCK.

WAS ONCE POOR BUT NOW IS RICH—CONSTINE KOURES INVESTS HIS LAST $5 IN THE HONDURAS NATIONAL LOTTERY AND SECURES $4,000 FOR IT—REMARKABLE AND TRUE STORY OF HOW A POOR GREEK FOUND A FORTUNE—INVESTED HIS LAST DOLLAR INSTEAD OF BUYING FOOD.

"Nothing venture, nothing gain" was the motto Constine Koures adopted when he left Greece to settle in America. By sticking close to this resolution he is today $4,000 richer than he was last week. The Honduras National Lottery (Louisiana State Lottery) is responsible for Mr. Koures' sudden wealth, and there is quite an interesting story connected with his good fortune.

Koures is from the nobility and owing to some difficulty at home he came to America. Here he commenced life as a peddler and soon found himself in Cleveland, Ohio, without a cent in his pocket. He remembered a countryman in Chicago, one of the firm of Manosus, Mazarokos & Co., 141 South Water street.

The only way to reach Chicago was to walk and this Koures did. One of the firm gave him $5 to get something to eat and procure clean clothes. Koures hesitated and instead of buying food invested the $5 in five tickets in the Honduras National Lottery.

Today he received by express $4,000, one-fifth of the second capital prize of $20,000 in the drawing of June 12. Koures can speak but little English, but he told a reporter for the *Dispatch* that the $4,000 would be invested in the fruit business. He was highly elated over his good fortune, and he said he thought he now had the basis for a large fortune. He declares that he will continue to buy Honduras National Lottery tickets.—*Chicago (Ill.) Dispatch, July 16.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

of the whereabouts of Joseph and Jacob Meares, born in Tipperary, Ireland; who left parish of Moyne, Thurles, county Tipperary, between 1849 and 1854; and of George Meares, who left between 1866 and 1868. Sought for by their brother, Thomas Meares. Reply to office of this paper.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

In the Depths of Misery.

Though endowed with wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice," the wretched sufferer from chronic dyspepsia is plunged in the depths of misery from which he or she seldom emerges even for a day at a stretch. There is a way to down the imp. Invoke the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and he departs. Keep using the medicine, and the relief you promptly experience finally becomes permanent and a thorough cure is effected. Heart-burn, flatulence, uneasiness and sinking at the pit of the stomach, nervousness, insomnia—these are symptoms first relieved and finally cured, with their cause, by this ineffably reliable specific. Liver complaint and constipation, brother tormentors of dyspepsia, are also sent to limbo by the Bitters. So are rheumatism, malaria and kidney complaint. Use this helpful medicine systematically, not by fits and starts.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Two Hours' Ride to Milwaukee.

Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
Leave Chicago 3 o'clock p.m.
Arrive Milwaukee 5 o'clock p.m.
Milwaukee is a summer resort.
It is cool and pleasant.
Its hotels are the best in the west.
Start Saturday afternoon.
Come back Monday morning.
Four dollars for a round-trip ticket.
Parlor car seats reserved in advance.
City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street.

T. Shea, Tailor,

238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

St. MARY'S ACADEMY.

(One Mile West of Notre Dame University.)

The 79th Academic Term Will Open Monday, Sept. 3.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and Painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-Writing taught. Buildings equipped with Fire Escapes. A separate department for children under 13. Apply for catalogue to Directress of the Academy.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
Notre Dame P. O., St. Joseph Co., Ind.

READ

TWO SOLDIERS

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER

By Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A.

NOW APPEARING

IN THIS PAPER.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evening.

JAMES MCENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, UNITY BUILDING

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County, July Term, A. D. 1894. Mary Hart vs. Edward Hart. In Chancery. No. 181,696.

Notice is hereby given to the said Edward Hart that the above named complainant has filed her bill of complaint in said court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said county, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1894, as by law required, and which summons is now in the office of the Clerk of said Court.

JAMES McENERNY, Solicitor for Complainant.
FRANK J. HECKER, Clerk.

PSYCHE AND THE POTBOILERS.

How many I've painted
And sold to the first chap and now desert
I've toiled at them, till my heart fainted
And till I'd two—I hated a year.
But once—'twas a luscious pleasure—
I painted a Psyche all day.
I knew she'd be coming, no treasure
And carefully hid her away.

I hid her, but yet her ghost rises.
She wanders about in the place,
And all the potboilers despises
With wonder and ruth in her face.
I love her. I hate and defy her;
Her eyes are so tranquil and true;
I'd sell her, but no one would buy her—
She's over their heads—and mine too.

She's fair as the dream of a poet
Whose works aren't intended to sell,
We've nothing in common—I know it!
She knows it a great deal too well!
She's lying face downward. I never
Look at her, for fear I should see
She's wondering if she could ever
Have really been painted by me!
—May Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

BIG STAKES.

A huge fire of hickory logs crackled and spluttered in the old time fireplace of Kenilworth inn. A group of gentlemen sat enjoying its genial warmth, while the fierce gale raging without roared through vale and ravine, encircled the mountain in its fury and rattled the panes of the dripping windows. Every one who has visited the wilds of western North Carolina appreciates the sublimity and grandeur of a storm amid the mountains. Even in the dreamy haze of Indian summer these grim old sentinels are moody and solemn, but when the clouds lower, the skies darken and echoing peals of thunder reverberate through the cavernous sides of innumerable peaks and headlands the effect becomes awe inspiring to a degree. Fragments of clouds are blown hither and thither by the fury of the wind rushing through tall forests of mighty trees which bend and snap before its resistless force like tender twigs.

The storm comes howling along with the deafening roar of a charge of myriad artillery. Such was the equinoctial gale which enveloped the mountains in its fury. The immense oaken timbers of Kenilworth inn trembled and shook in the grasp of the wind like the flutter of a fugitive bird. Although it was early in the afternoon, the darkness of the storm was almost Egyptian in its intensity, and the faces of the smokers around the hospitable hearth were only lighted by the glare of its glowing embers. It was late in October, and but few guests remained at the inn, they being a party of sportsmen on their return from a hunting trip over to the valley of the French Broad.

The most conspicuous figure in this little group of well groomed but brawny gentlemen, much tanned by their exposure to the weather, was a large and portly man of middle age and distinguished mien. The doctor, for as such was he addressed by his comrades, had just removed his pipe from his lips and was stroking his luxuriant auburn beard, meantime gazing pensively in the fire, as was his accustomed manner when he thought. The doctor was quite a raconteur, having traveled over the entire globe, visited every known country under the sun and of course met with many remarkable experiences. He had just been called upon for one of his inimitable yarns to while away the monotony of the storm. His stories were very ludicrous and amusing generally, but from the expression of his benevolent face his friends saw that the coming tale was of a more serious nature than usual. The story teller relit his pipe, and between long drawn puffs of aromatic Virginia began more in soliloquy than otherwise:

"Our presence here near the scene of what I am about to relate recalls to my mind the memory of one whose sad life has made a deep impression upon me. Poor Virginia Staunton! Her history is a singular and a romantic one. It is a repetition of the old, old story of woman's confiding trust and man's villainous perfidy. It could scarcely be termed a love story, for there was little love lost on either side. Yet there was in the place of love a kind of fascination—the diabolical enchantment and mysterious charm exercised by the serpent over the hypnotized bird.

"Well, I first knew the Stauntons—that is, the mother and daughter—in Philadelphia when I was a medical student at the University of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Staunton was then a handsome widow of some 40 years, a most charming woman. She had recently lost her husband and was living a rather secluded life with her daughter Virginia, who was at that time a romping, frolicsome creature in her teens.

"Mrs. Staunton had been a fond and devoted wife, and in her bereavement evinced all the richness and sweetness of a pure, good woman, along with a softened mellow twilight sadness which touched every heart and yet threw a peculiar luster and beauty over her manners and entire character. She had the refined familiarity of the cultivated woman without any undue boldness on the one hand or prudery on the other. I was very fond of her society and frequently called at her home.

"Virgie was a winsome and handsome girl, just budding into sweet young womanhood, mischievous and full of pranks, as all healthful girls should be, yet withal manifesting much of her mother's sweetness of temper and amiability of disposition.

"As you all know, after my graduation I went abroad and did not return for six years, and thus it was I lost track of the Stauntons. A year or two after my return, however, together with a party of friends, I visited Asheville, and what was my surprise to find myself in the same hotel with Mrs. Staunton and daughter. I lost no time in making myself known to my friend of former years and met with a most cordial reception. The gay and romping Virgie of my old time remembrance had developed into a remarkably handsome woman of dignified manners, but still retaining much of the diablerie of her younger days. There was a merry twinkle in her brilliant dark eyes which ever challenged a smile and response, and the rippling peals of laughter bubbling up from her glad and joyous heart spread a contagion of mirth throughout the corridors of the hotel.

"Miss Staunton of Philadelphia was the furore in Asheville during the summer of 18—. Beautiful, accomplished and wealthy, she of course had many beaux and admirers, notably one, a scion disant French nobleman, the Vicomte de Grenet. Every sensible person is aware of the madness prevailing among American girls for titled foreigners, particularly among heiresses, for the less fortunate maids dare not aspire so high.

"Mere beauty is a secondary consideration with these adventurers. For an empty title these angelic creatures will barter their bodies and cast their pearls before swine. After an international wedding of great pomp and ceremony they sail off to Europe to fetch up probably in the padded cells of a madhouse or else in a few years are glad enough to return to good old soapmaking, pork packing papa and mamma. The morning I had the honor to be presented to Vicomte Grenet my better judgment sized him up as some impecunious barber or chef de cuisine on the hunt for a fortune. With a number of tremendous trunks—which at a later stage of the game the hotel people found to be entirely empty, to their great dismay—the vicomte had ensconced himself in an elegant suit of rooms and was lording it high over the admiring Americans. The fastest horses in Buncombe county were always at the command of "his grace," and wild dashes over the mountain and dale were the daily sport of Virginia Staunton and Vicomte de Grenet. Virgie was one of those frolicsome, daring girls, always in for anything and what you might term in the vernacular of the jeunesse doree a 'dead game sport.'

"There was no mawkish sentimentality about her nor the die away languor of charming incapacity assumed by women of fashion. She was a vigorous young woman, full of life and bubbling over with mirth and jollity. Her companionship was delightful, and half the time you forgot that the handsome creature by your side was a woman, so intelligently and sensibly could she converse about things of masculine interest. Horses, dogs, hunting, fishing, every manner of sport was as fond and familiar a subject with her as the latest style of Paris gown. The same cordial, hearty manner to all alike, no one could tell upon whom Miss Staunton looked with most favor. Although she rode and danced with him and scarcely appeared without the vicomte tagging along at her heels, it was evident that she did not regard the Frenchman in a sentimental light. In fact, it was well known that she had kicked him twice and always met his most importunate overtures with chilling courtesy.

"He was the typical foreigner you see at Bar Harbor, Narragansett and Newport, where titled nincompoops do most congregate. He was shrewd and keen as a brier, with a machiavelian expression of countenance which seemed to be particularly charming to the women. I overheard one of them say once in a discussion of which the vicomte was the subject: 'Oh, he is just too fascinating for anything! He is so deliciously wicked!' That he really possessed this charming attribute no one can gainsay. Virginia regarded the foreigner more as a pastime than as a beau or friend, always styling him her 'dear froggie.' At times she was most freezingly distant when his presumption carried him too far, but with her mother it was very different. She was thoroughly captivated by the vicomte and his very aristocratic bearing. Perceiving that he had made a most palpable hit with the mother, he immediately proceeded to 'pet the cow in order to catch the calf.' It was even talked about the hotel verandas that the impudent Frenchman had really addressed Mrs. Staunton.

"One day while out on one of their mad rides over the mountain Virgie was thrown from her horse and severely hurt. A messenger was dispatched to the hotel for help, and the unconscious girl was brought home on a litter. The accident was never satisfactorily explained, and I have always believed the designing scoundrel had preconcerted the fall and its result. Upon hearing of the accident I hurried to Mrs. Staunton's apartments to offer my services and was very much surprised to find Grenet in attendance upon the injured girl. He was stooping over the bed bathing her face and temples and was administering some drug. Mrs. Staunton hurriedly thanked me for the offer of my professional services and stated that the vicomte was a distinguished surgeon, and as he was already in attendance she would not wound his feelings by calling me in. 'He is so sensitive and feeling,' she added as I left the room, 'that I could not have the heart to offend him.' That he was a physician I have never for a moment believed, and it has always been a source of self reproach that I did not interfere with the machinations of this incarnate fiend and scotch them in the beginning. But I was a younger man then, lacking mature judgment and determination, and allowed the matter to pass.

"Virginia Staunton remained in a state of unconsciousness for 24 hours, and when she at last awoke it was with a burning fever and in a wild delirium. For six long weeks this poor girl was racked with pain and suffering, fluctuating between life and death, entirely at the mercy of Vicomte Grenet, who, besides her mother, was the only person permitted to see her. He was most attentive, exerting himself both night and day. His usual gay and frivolous manner was changed to the deep earnestness of a man playing for heavy stakes. He seemed to gain a most singular and complete ascendancy over the mind of Mrs. Staunton. She willingly acquiesced in all he proposed and was completely dominated by him. Of course the poor woman was wretched and miserable, for her daughter was her idol, and the thought of losing her only child would bring on paroxysm after paroxysm of grief. During these hysterical attacks the viscomte would give the suffering woman a concoction which had the effect of quieting the nerves, but weakened the mind. This arch fiend had discovered in some way a powerful drug, which, given continuously and systematically, gradually softened the brain and destroyed the intellect. The mysterious seclusion and secrecy with which the whole thing was managed and the sudden development of Grenet as a physician naturally created gossip about the hotel and in fact throughout the city. Grenet claimed that Miss Staunton's accident had resulted in a violent case of fever.

"At the expiration of six weeks she was said to be convalescent. One marvelously lovely day in late September, as I was standing upon the upper veranda of the hotel looking out over the sea of mountains which lay before me and drinking in the beauty of the scene, I heard a sad and plaintive voice utter my name. Turning around, I saw before me Virgie Staunton. Yes, it was Virgie, but, oh, how changed! Dragging her weary limbs along with painful effort, she approached me and extended her emaciated hand.

"As I looked into her face she tried to force a smile, but the attempt died away on her colorless lips. In the once beautiful eyes there was a dull, listless flitter which at times assumed a maniacal expression. Dropping heavily into a proffered chair, she essayed to talk, but her conversation was rambling and disjointed. Her mind seemed seriously impaired. In a few minutes Mrs. Staunton appeared, and shortly afterward Grenet joined us. In his villainous black eyes I thought there gleamed a triumphant smile as he doffed his hat and exclaimed: 'Bon jour, mesdames et messieur! I hope zat me leetle patient ees vare well dis morning.'

"Mrs. Staunton took this occasion to inform me that upon her daughter's complete recovery she would become Viscountess Grenet. Somehow my mind seemed prepared for the statement, and I was not in the least surprised. This singular man had become completely dominant over the mind and action of the mother, and the daughter had seemingly lost all will of her own. In a few days Mrs. Staunton left for the north, her object being to purchase Virginia's trousseau. It was well understood that an international marriage would take place upon her return. As soon as she had gone the Frenchman, possibly fearing some unexpected denouement, urged the performance of a hurried ceremony, to which the poor girl, in her enfeebled state of mind, offered no resistance, and he spirited her away.

"The marriage was performed in secret, only a priest and the necessary witnesses being present. The couple had been gone 36 hours before they were missed. The vulgar precipitation of the ceremony, its profound secrecy and the clandestine departure very naturally aroused suspicions of foul play, and more speculation was indulged in by the guests of the hotel. Inquiry was made, and it was found that Grenet had at different times obtained very powerful and mischievous drugs at a certain pharmacy. These drugs could not possibly have been used for any good purpose in Virginia Staunton's case.

"The discovery of the fact that such medicines were in the Frenchman's possession immediately explained to me the cause of Virgie's aberration of mind. I had been fool enough to think it due to the violence of her fall from the running horse and the fever which was consequent. The scoundrel's scheme now became quite apparent. Finding it impossible to win the girl by fair means, he had resorted to foul. Contriving to bring about the accident which stunned her, he imposed upon the mother the belief that he was a naval surgeon and thus secured the opportunity of administering his poisons. The whole thing was now clear to me. Why had I been so confoundedly stupid not to see it before?

"Immediate wires to Mrs. Staunton in New York city and Philadelphia brought no response. Valuable time was being lost, and Vicomte de Grenet was meanwhile speeding on with his helpless victim to nobody knew where. Three days after the comte's departure news came that Mrs. Staunton had been found dead in her berth between Washington and Philadelphia, cause of death supposed to be an overdose of morphine. The body of the ill fated woman was held awaiting directions. The suspicion of murder was now added to that of malpractice and abduction, and the case was immediately put into the hands of the authorities. Knowing the Stauntons as well as I did and being aware that the only relatives of the family were very distant ones, living somewhere in the far northwest, I felt it my duty to go north and superintend the funeral rites of the dead woman. You may well suppose that it was with a sad heart and many self reproaches that I looked upon the cold face of my kind and good friend. I felt that by my confounded stupidity and inactivity I was in a way responsible for her death. I resolved then and there to rescue her innocent daughter and hound the villain down, cost what it might.

"The purpose of that resolve remains unaccomplished. Years have elapsed since Vicomte de Grenet absconded from Asheville, carrying with him an imbecile girl whose intellect he had willfully destroyed. The villain is still at large and will probably never be found unless some Nemesis in the shape of retributive justice claims him for her own. The skillful service of an army of trained detectives has failed to unearth his whereabouts, and after the expenditure of thousands his pursuers are no wiser than before. Having traced him to Paris, where he carried his stolen bride, his identity was lost. The inquest held over Mrs. Staunton decided that her death was caused by some powerful drug placed in her hands by an unknown person, with mischievous intent. That Grenet intended her death I do not believe. He probably calculated upon the loss of her reason and gradual decline. He was far too shrewd not to foresee the dangerous suspicion which would naturally attach to him.

"Investigation proved that Vicomte de Grenet was formerly a waiter upon a Liverpool liner; that he subsequently settled in Philadelphia as an aspiring barber and later came south in the role of nobleman. In St. Augustine, Fla., he was the toast for an entire season as Baron de Frisse. Upon leaving Asheville Grenet proceeded directly to New York and there took passage on the French line to Havre, from thence to Paris. It was learned from the officers of the Gasgogne, upon which ship the couple sailed, that the vicomte registered for the voyage under the name of Jean F. Viennet. During the passage the strong constitution of the unfortunate girl rallied under the influence of the bracing sea air, and her mind became clearer. At lucid intervals she realized the horror of her situation and would plead to the captain for succor. Her irate husband would explain these actions as the freaks of a wild and diseased imagination and force her to return to the cabin.

"One of the stewards testified that on several nights he had been attracted to Viennet's cabin by the sound of blows, followed by piteous shrieks and wails. The captain's attention was called to this and Viennet forced to explain. He said that his wife was a raving maniac and frequently assaulted him in this manner. He was compelled to overpower her by force when she uttered these shrieks and groans. In truth, the heartless villain was no doubt trying to force the helpless girl to sign her property, which amounted to $700,000 in her own name, over to himself.

"In Paris the same brutal treatment was continued. Virginia Staunton, a beautiful American girl of wealth and position, was kept locked in a close room, starved, beaten and tortured by an insignificant French cur to obtain her money until, driven stark mad, she burst all confines and rushed frantically into the streets. Police interference, of course, caused the hellhound to flee, and protection, which was, alas, too late, rescued his victim. A raving maniac, Virginia Staunton was brought from a Parisian madhouse and now occupies comfortable apartments in a private sanitarium in New York. Her mind utterly, irretrievably gone, she alternates from frantic terror to vacant lassitude and thus ekes out her existence."

The faces of the doctor's interested listeners wore expressions of sadness and sympathy in accordance with the pathetic nature of his story. Raising his handerchief to his moist eyes, the doctor in a sad voice said, "You, professor, are a great metaphysician and occult scientist," addressing one of his companions, an eminent Boston professor. "Perhaps you can explain. Why did this villainous man come into the life of this innocent girl and poison her existence? She had never done any harm to him or his. Her life was pure and innocent. Why did fate decree her this awful destiny?"

The professor shook his head, and a ring of azure smoke curling ceilingward was his only response.—W. Alger Fair in Albany Journal.

A Balloon Explosion.

"One of my balloons gave me a scare once," remarked Mr. Carl E. Myers, the aeronaut, "but it wasn't because I was in it. It was in June of 1891, when I was conducting some rainmaking experiments in Washington. I sent up a balloon 10 feet in diameter, filled one-third with oxygen and two-thirds with hydrogen gas, and at a height of 1,500 feet I exploded it by an electric wire. It was the most extraordinary sight that I have ever seen, that explosion. As for the sound—well, that was what frightened me. I wasn't prepared for it. At the instant of explosion the balloon became 100 feet in diameter and of a dull red color. It wasn't as if it had expanded to that size. It looked as if the original balloon had simply disappeared and another ten times as big had simultaneously taken its place. A fraction of a second later the thing vanished, and the air was filled with minute particles.

"Then came an explosion that was simply terrifying. Never have I heard anything to approach it. It seemed to shake my heart within me. My head rang for hours afterward. The wire was thrown back to us crumpled up like so much twine. For a long distance around all the little fishes in the brooks were killed by the concussion. Directly below the balloon was the bowling alley of the Casino rink, and after the explosion that alley looked as if an aerial giant had stepped on it. It collapsed as a card house collapses under a careless touch. On the following day I received polite notes from the assistant secretary of agriculture and the chief clerk of the Smithsonian institute. The secretary protested mildly. The chief clerk set forth that his cattle on a neighboring farm had been seriously disturbed by the explosion, and would I please go away somewhere when I wanted to do it again. I moved to Texas, where cattle are cheap."

Almost a Tragedy.

He loved her.

He had asked her to marry him.

She had remained silent.

He persuaded and pleaded for an answer.

She refused to reply.

Then he took his hat and started away angrily.

"One word, Mr. de Smoot," she said in tragic tones, "before you go."

He was awed and stopped.

"Well," he responded sulkily, "what is it? Speak quick, for I am going away forever."

"Yes," she murmured, and her mother up stairs thought he wouldn't go away forever.

Such is love in large cities.—Detroit Free Press.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE. $80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80. OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60. OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80. OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50. OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50. OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED." 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED." LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50. OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10. OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50. OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

IMMIGRANT LABOR.

A SPECIAL COMMISSION TO MAKE A TIMELY INVESTIGATION.

A Circular Containing Pertinent Questions Sent to Labor Organizations—Governors Asked to Help In Sending Immigrants to Points Not Congested.

The following circular is being sent out by Secretary McSweeney as rapidly as he can obtain the names and addresses of secretaries of labor organizations:

The undersigned have been constituted by Hon. John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury, a commission to investigate and report to him—

"First—What changes, if any, in the rules and regulations now in force are necessary in order to secure a more efficient execution of existing laws relating to immigration and the laws prohibiting the importation of alien laborers under contract.

"Second—Whether said laws are defective in any particular and what practical difficulties, if any, have been encountered in their execution.

"Third—What effect, if any, immigration has had upon the wages of labor or opportunities for employment in the United States and whether or not the existing industrial condition of the country is attributable in any degree to the influx of laborers from abroad.

"Fourth—Whether any measures, and, if so, what, can be adopted under existing legislation to discourage the concentration of immigrant laborers in particular localities and to secure a better distribution of immigrants whose admission to the country is not prohibited by law.

"Fifth—Whether the padrone system exists in this country, and, if so, to what extent and among what classes of immigrants and what measures can be taken under existing laws to break it up and protect American laborers against its evil effects upon wages and at the same time improve the social and economic condition of the immigrants."

The commissioners have also been directed to secure and report such information, from all available sources, as will enable the department to employ its official force in the most effective manner for the enforcement of the immigration and contract labor laws according to their true intent and purpose and to suggest such amendments as experience may have shown to be necessary in order to adapt them to existing conditions.

The honorable secretary of the treasury is deeply interested in learning exactly the views entertained by the workingmen in your trade with reference to all these matters, particularly so far as they bear upon the industry in which you are engaged and cognate industries concerning which you have incidental knowledge. We believe that the most effective aid can be rendered by you by bringing to light and presenting in a practical way the facts and circumstances bearing upon the work of your craft and the difficulties with which you have to contend and by suggesting and devising means for supplying remedies for any evils that may exist.

We shall be greatly obliged to you if, after due consideration on your part of the subject matter herewith presented, you will promptly collect, formulate and transmit at your earliest convenience to the immigration investigation commission, addressed to Ellis island, N. Y., all the facts ascertainable by you bearing upon any or all of the heads of investigation and inquiry above referred to, and especially upon the specific points which relate to the trade or industry in which you are employed and concerning which your knowledge and testimony would be classed as expert. We especially desire to know the rates of wages paid in your trade during the last 10 years, also, for the purposes of comparison, the rates that have for the same period been paid or offered to or accepted by competing alien laborers, localizing the same geographically where necessary, and whether or not it can be truthfully asserted that the influx of alien immigrants has influenced the wages obtainable by American mechanics, artisans and laborers, and, if so, to what extent.

The commission or some of its members expect to visit your section of the country and to personally confer with you in order, by personal examination and inquiry, to receive the benefit of your practical knowledge of the matters upon which they will be required to report.

The perusal and analysis, when received, of the information you may transmit will suggest other specific topics of investigation and inquiry and lead to further correspondence and to personal visitation by us if deemed needful to make the fund of information upon which the report will be based exhaustive and complete.

Trusting that we may receive an early response, we are, respectfully, yours,

HERMAN STUMP.
DR. J. H. SENNER.
EDWARD F. MCSWEENEY.

Herman Stump is superintendent of immigration, Dr. Senner is commissioner of immigration at the port of New York, and Edward F. McSweeney is assistant commissioner, port of New York.

A circular has also been sent to the governors of the various states asking their co-operation. After setting forth the main points, as given in the circular copied above, the communication addressed to the governors says:

"It has been pertinently suggested for consideration whether a solution of the immigration problem might not be found in the distribution of immigrants throughout the United States by making it possible for them to be supplied with information as to the need, or lack of need, of labor in various sections of the country, so as to prevent their ignorantly going to places where the labor market is already congested, and to enable them, by timely advice and suggestions, to proceed to points where labor is in demand. For, concededly, it is not enough to exclude undesirable immigrants. Even desirable immigrants should be located, if possible, in those parts of the country where they are most needed, and where, at the same time, they can best prosper, so that at least one phase of the problem seems to be to induce aliens who come here for the purpose of settlement, and who are not within the excluding terms of the law, to settle only in those localities where, in all reasonable probability, they will secure to themselves and our country the most lasting benefit and advantage. To this end it is extremely desirable that the commission receive all possible assistance and co-operation at the hands of the various state boards of immigration.

"We therefore beg to call your attention to the scope of the work intrusted to us, and to ask that you will carefully consider the matter and give us your valuable aid in procuring and having suitably prepared and transmitted to us all the information obtainable in your state under the various heads mentioned, and particularly with reference to whether, as to each particular section of your state, there is an existing demand for labor which is unsupplied, or whether the labor market is congested or oversupplied, and in what particular branches of labor there is an oversupply or lack of supply of employees."

THE CHICAGO INJUNCTION.

Without Precedent, Contrary to Law and Consequently Should Be Void.

As to the power of courts to punish for contempt, The Record quotes Mr. Milchrist as saying that "under the law the court could commit the men (Debs et al.) to jail without bail and without hope of habeas corpus proceedings."

This would be the law if the injunctions were legally issued and if the courts had not exceeded their jurisdiction, but permit me to say the recent injunctions of the federal courts are without precedent, illegal and void, and as it is not contempt to disregard an illegal injunction appellate courts will grant stays of proceedings and habeas corpus in such cases.

Courts are proverbially anxious to extend their jurisdiction, for the whole history of chancery proceedings is a continuous encroachment of the law and usurpation by the one man tribunal of chancery on our common law courts and jury system. Up to the present time courts of chancery have been satisfied to issue injunctions against trespass, but nowhere is there any authority vested in a court to prohibit crime by means of an injunction. Were it otherwise, then our courts only needed to issue a perpetual blanket injunction against all crimes of the statute books, punish pretended offenders for contempt of court in a summary manner, and thus deprive us at once of our constitutional right to a trial by jury, a right, by the way, so cherished by our Revolutionary fathers that they based their right to rebellion on the fact that the existing government had in many cases abolished the trial by jury.

I am of course aware that in some prohibition states statutes have been enacted empowering chancery to enjoin the crime of liquor selling by declaring saloons a nuisance, which theory has its foundation in common law and is sound enough on the nuisance theory, but independently of statute courts have no jurisdiction to prohibit crime by injunction.

Train robbing is a statutory crime. Imagine a court to issue an injunction against train robbing and then punish any number of citizens accused by railroad detectives of train robbing under the contempt of court proceedings.

Illegal voting is a statutory crime. Imagine the spectacle of a partisan judge, appealed to by his party, issuing an injunction against "illegal voting" and after election punishing pretended offenders for contempt of court, thus depriving them of their right to a trial by their peers.

I heard it once argued that the negro who steals the white man's chickens is not a bit more a thief than the white man who steals the negro's civil rights. I am undecided who is the greater anarchist, the man who stops by force or persuasion a mail train or the judge who, by pettifogging, steals the other man's rights to a trial by jury.

Now, it might be said that the injunctions run against trespass independently of the crimes connected with it. To dispose of this let me say that most crimes are aggravated trespass and that the smaller offense is merged in the greater, and, further, if the injunctions run against the mere trespass, why did the district attorney obtain the injunctions, and why does the district attorney bring the contempt proceedings?

If the property of a foreigner was threatened by trespassers, would the district attorney be entitled to petition for an injunction in the name of the United States? It is therefore plain that now for the first time in our history the star chamber proceedings of a court of chancery are employed to deprive American citizens of a trial by jury in a criminal case. The decisions are numerous denying to chancery the right to issue an injunction when the state furnishes ample means for the prosecution and punishment of wrongdoers, since chancery only has jurisdiction where the law provides no remedy for the wrong or where the legal remedy is inadequate. — Reinhardt Feyerbend in Chicago Record.

Strikers Guarded Property.

The following letter was received by a Chicago paper from a clergyman whose charge is in the center of the scene of rioting at Edison during the strike:

Whatever wrongs may have been committed or mistakes made, I am convinced that the strikers did not burn the property of the railroads. The Railway union has an organization 280 strong at Edison and holds its meetings in a hall corner of Fifty-first street and Homan avenue. I have attended several of their meetings and heard their instructions to keep away from the railroad property, only to protect it from marauders.

The evening of July 6, while the fire was consuming the property of the railroads, a meeting of the strikers was called, and arming themselves as best they could they guarded the Grand Trunk shops and Chicago, Boston and Liverpool car works, on whose tracks were at least 2,000 cars, many of them loaded. During the night the hoodlums came from the scene of the fire on a hand car for the purpose, no doubt, of burning the property and were driven back by the strikers. They continued on guard till the troops arrived Saturday evening. Many of them have from time to time offered to protect the companies' property here and are as anxious to see it protected as are any of the officials of the road.

Merely a Coincidence.

An exchange wants to know "if it was merely a coincidence that the recent great railway strike, like that of 1877, came in the year following a great World's fair? The strike of 1877 began on the great railroads which were the chief arteries to the Centennial exposition, celebrating an event that should have aroused the most intensely patriotic feelings. The strike of 1894 followed at about the same distance of time after the Columbian exposition."

A BABY'S FACE.

How a Woman Brought Comfort to a Mother's Aching Breast.

She had been hanging around the place for a week or more. The policeman who traversed that beat had ordered her away once, but she was there again the next day, looking at the photographs on exhibition just outside the entrance to the building.

"What are you doing around here again?" he asked gruffly, somewhat nettled that his first reproof had not been heeded. "Didn't I tell you yesterday to stay away from here? Don't you know you are liable to be arrested? You don't look very well, you know," he added half apologetically, touched by the appealing look in the faded gray eyes. "The artist'll soon be raising a row. You'll hurt his trade. What do you want here anyhow?"

"That," she said wistfully, pointing to one of the photographs in the fine collection.

The policeman looked. It was the picture of a baby.

"It looks like my boy," she said tremulously. "Don't you suppose I could get one of them? It wouldn't be any harm to ask, would it?"

The policeman's harshness had vanished. Perhaps the remembrance of baby hands gone out of his own life softened his heart, and he answered kindly: "No, it won't. Come on, I'll go with you. We'll see what we can do."

The fashionable Wabash avenue artist was visibly surprised when the couple entered his studio.

"She wants to ask a favor of you," said the officer, pointing over his shoulder to the woman in rusty black. "I guess you'd better do the best you can for her."

"It's about the picture down there on the street," she proceeded timidly in answer to the photographer's look of inquiry. "I've been coming here to look at it for I don't know how long. I couldn't stay away, for, as I told him a moment ago, it's just like my boy. You see, I never had his picture taken. I couldn't afford it. I kept putting it off and putting it off, thinking that some time I would have more money, and even after he got sick I neglected it, for I couldn't believe I'd lose him."

She stopped.

"Well?" questioned the artist.

"But they sent for me to come to the hospital one night, and they told me he was dead. The first thing I thought was, 'And I haven't even a picture of him.' So ever since then I've been looking for a face like his. I've examined every photograph and every fancy picture I came across, but I never found anything resembling him but this. You have one up here, too," she said, arising and standing before a dainty face looking down at her from its place upon the wall. "The likeness is perfect. The same large, earnest eyes, the same long lashes, the same curve of brow and cheek and the same bonny smile. He was so pretty, my baby was. I wish I had that picture. Do you suppose I could get it?"

The policeman had walked to the window and was watching the throng on the street below. The artist coughed and shaded his face with his hands, and the shabby, prematurely old woman gazed longingly at the pictured face before her.

"It's an unusual request," the artist commenced doubtfully.

"But you won't refuse to grant it," a low voice interrupted, and its owner stepped through the doorway from the inner room, where she had been preparing for a sitting.

"I heard what you said," she went on, and the sweet face was transfigured with gentle sympathy as she clasped the hand of her unfortunate sister, "and I want to tell you how sorry I am that your baby died. That is my boy's picture. You can have the photograph, and you can see him. Every hour I thank God for sparing him to me."

The bit of cardboard on which were limned the features of a child resembling her dead baby was given to her, and the woman, whose heart had yearned for years for a glimpse of a face like her boy's, went out on the street again. —Chicago Tribune.

He Wanted the Latest.

The other morning a man went into a music store and asked for "Ave Maria."

"Which one do you want?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, I don't know whose it is," he said. "Give me the best one."

"Well, we have one by Gounod, Liszt, Luzzi, Mascagni, Millard, Cherubini and Dulcken—any one is good."

"Gosh," said the customer. "I didn't know there was so many. Give me Jerry Beene's."

Cherubini's was handed him, but about noon he came back dissatisfied.

"This is no good on earth," he said. "I can't make head nor tail to the tune."

Gounod's "Ave Maria" was then given him, but 3 o'clock brought him back again.

"It wasn't 'Ave Maria' at all I wanted," he explained. "It was 'Sweet Marie.' "—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Highest and Lowest States.

According to the recently announced results of measurements and calculations made by the United States geological survey, Delaware is the lowest state, its elevation above sea level averaging only 60 feet. Colorado is the highest, averaging 6,800 feet above the sea, while Wyoming is a close second, only 100 feet lower than Colorado. In minimum elevation Florida and Louisiana dispute for second place after Delaware, their average elevation being, for each, 100 feet. Taking the United States as a whole, our country lies slightly above the average elevation of the land of the globe.—Youth's Companion.

No Words to Waste.

Mother—Mrs. Blank has given you some cake, and you haven't even said thank you.

Small Son—It's baker's.—Good News.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

From Japan Comes a New Method of Making Furs Ready to Wear.

A Japanese gentleman has perfected a new process for furs, called the fur transferring process, by which the ordinary skin is entirely removed, the fur alone remaining, each individual hair being attached to a flexible fabric. The advantages claimed for this process are that the furs are much softer and more pliable than ordinary skins, that they are entirely free from any unpleasant odor, and so far from being injured from being wetted they can be washed in hot water and dried like blankets. It is also said that the fur will not come out by use, as the hairs hold much closer than when implanted in the original skin. All kinds of fur can be thus transferred from the skin on which they grew on to a close and durable fabric.

The method of this transfer is at first sight rather difficult to grasp. It is obvious that each individual hair cannot be transferred singly, but that the whole must be done at once. The nature of the process, however, may be very easily indicated. The original skin, from whatever animal it may have been obtained, is placed with the fur downward, in contact with the an adhesive surface, to which the hairs become so strongly attached that the skin may be laid hold of and absolutely torn or stripped away, leaving the fur attached to the cement, and so perfectly is this accomplished that the skins themselves are capable of being utilized for leather.

The next step of the process is the covering of the roots with another adhesive material, by which they are cemented to a close woven fabric. Thus it will be seen that the external portion of the fur is tightly held by the first cement, to which it was attached, while the roots of the hairs are closely cemented to the fabric which has been placed upon them. In the process of manufacture all that is now necessary is to loosen the attachment of the first cement on which they were first placed, when the whole of the fur in its original position is obtained, only cemented to the flexible fabric in lieu of the original skin.

The result is undoubtedly most successful. It is difficult to imagine a softer fur than that which is obtained.—New York Advertiser.

The Indian Canoe.

What a wonderful creation is the Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, responsive as a cork to the least ripple. Yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It was well for us that it was so, for we were heading toward a broad sheet of water that was thickly dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full force of the gale that stung our faces with wind and spray. To go against such a wind with a bark canoe would be an utter impossibility, but to run with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced auspiciously. We were making quick time. The complacent Irishman was taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but with Captain Mick's consent I tied the tails of my rubber coat to the handles of two paddles and inserted the blades in the armholes. This extempore sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and laboring heavily, as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely deigned to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without shipping a thimbleful of water.—Outing.

It Was All Right.

Fashionable New York restaurants would drive a Bowery proprietor to suicide with their apparently lax and reckless business methods. It is the desire of well known resorts to save their patrons from all annoyances and embarrassments. An absentminded man, shortly after he became engaged to be married, invited his fiancee, her married sister and a party to the theater and afterward to supper. He ordered an extremely good supper and was feeling rather proud of the result when it occurred to him that he might have come away from his home without any money. A hurried examination showed that this was just what he had done. Now, no man likes to play the fool before the woman who has recently promised to marry him, and this man immediately felt "panicky." He left the room in a "rattled" condition to make a clean breast of the affair to the cashier. When he reached the desk, the cashier said to him before he could give a word of explanation: "Now, I know just what you are going to say. You have forgotten your pocketbook. Don't think about it for a second. It is all right." The absentminded man went back to his guests with a suddenly improved appetite for supper.—New York Tribune.

Married Life In India.

An educated Hindoo gentleman, a graduate from one of the universities, said to an English friend: "Your government did not know what it was doing when it abolished the burning of wives on their husband's funeral pyre. The fact is, we were obliged to introduce that measure to prevent our wives from poisoning us." This is a beautiful side light on the condition of things in India, and it is a sword that cuts both ways, for it not only reveals the cunning of bad men for their own safety, but shows the sort of husbands they must be whom wives would poison if the penalty were not to be burnt alive! —Boston Woman's Journal.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS

State President, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.
State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1220 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-ninth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 573 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—Luke H Lyons, Pres, 198 W North av; James Cullinan, V-P; James Perkins, Rec Sec, 565 Elston av; E S Hanrahan, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Fourner st; Michael Punch, V P; M J Reilly, R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4206 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 325 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 6 p m.

Div 9—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; John P Cunningham, F S; E G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P J Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 7020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 530 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 530 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 3301 Archer av; P F Conway, V P; M J Moran, Rec Sec, 3133 Archer av; M W Williams, Fin Sec; M J Hogan, Treas.

Div 14—John Clarke, Pres, 1726 Prairie av; Thomas Winters, V-P; P J Lyng, Rec Sec, 3130 Shields av; Ed J O'Donnell, Fin Sec; Thomas Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, the 2 Sh of each month.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 5200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3624 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Dunlahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 859 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3739 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 3314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 3345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O Donovan, Pres, 135th st, Kensington; Philip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, 3004 Sd Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Harinett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 3239 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6035 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Boey, Fin Sec; C Molnerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

President, J H Carmody, 242 Larkin st; V-P, D J Scott; Rec Sec, T B Wilmot, 68 E Superior st; Fin Sec, L A Vogt; Treas, P J Kennedy. Knight Commander, M J O'Brien; Vice Comdr, John Tobin; Sentinel, [illegible]. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T A & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum st; Michael Kenny, 1st V P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor st; J M Carey, Asst Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 631 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; P. D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Asst Fin Sec; R. Sibert, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Crosk, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 169 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo D Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 2d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth st; Michael J McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Himan st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twomey, Rec Sec, 248 Lafila st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 189 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1925 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3330 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J F Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2038 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 13—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 356 W Huron st; J H O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 538 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 311 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Price, C R, 1063 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 623 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 35 Ouisco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1036 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2503 Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 20th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Nath W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9222 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Ivy, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koehler, 169 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 156 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmitt'sehmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 33 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 401 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrandt, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Boyd. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lest, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Borland, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 495 Larrabee st; R S, Peter F Seuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael T Dalton, 3806 Keeldie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3726 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; Treas, Thomas Gaffney. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Carney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber, T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Henry [illegible], 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3722 Wentworth av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C P, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossch, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, [illegible]. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday at St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Buckingham avs.

Laval No. 41—C R, Alfred Perry, 2

H. R. EAGLE

1-lb cans New Baking Powder	9 cents
10 lbs Sal Soda	10 cents
27-oz bottles Spanish Queen Olives, per bottle	18 cents
Half pint Worcestershire Sauce	9 cents
St. Charles Evaporated Cream, per can	8 cents
Fresh Ginger Snaps, per lb	6 cents
Bulk Cocoanut, per lb	13 cents
Flake Tapioca, per lb	4 cents
New Cucumber Pickles, per bottle	5 cents
Cherries, in brandy, per bottle	5 cents
Whole Black Pepper, per lb	5 cents
Whole Zanzibar Cloves, per lb	9 cents
Whole Allspice, per lb	9 cents
Whole China Cinnamon, per lb	9 cents
Pure Ground Black Pepper, per lb	9 cents
Pure Ground Mustard, per lb	9 cents
14-foot Braided Mexican Hammock	39 cents
Bulk Italian Macaroni, per lb	5 cents
Best quality Condensed Milk, per can	8 cents
Best quality Gelatine, per package	9 cents
Sweet Chocolate, per cake	2½ cents
10 bags Table Salt for	15 cents
100-lb bags Rock Salt, for ice cream	39 cents
100-lb bags Granulated Sugar	$1.85
New Pitted Cherries, per lb	12 cents
Dried California Pears, per lb	5 cents
California Evaporated Apricots, per lb	6 cents
Best quality Corn Starch, per lb	4 cents

TEAS.

New Crop Japan Tea Dust, per lb	5 cents
Natural Leaf Japan Tea, per lb	12 cents
Regular Japan Tea, per lb	13 cents
A 5-lb wood caddy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea	99 cents
8 lbs Young Hyson Tea for	$1.00
Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	19 cents
Moyune Gunpowder Tea, per lb	25 cents
Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb	35 cents

COFFEES.

9 lbs Ground Coffee for	$1.00
8 lbs Crushed Coffee	90 cents
6 lbs Ground Rio Coffee for	$1.00
5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
3 lbs Fancy Roasted Java Coffee for	$1.00

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour-$3.69

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	49 cts
50-lb Bags, each	90 cts
98-lb Bags, each	$1.79
Purcell's Best St. Louis Winter Wheat, bbl	$2.95
Bohemian Rye Flour, per bbl	$2.75

LAUNDRY SOAPS.

	Per Bar.	Per Box.
Coke, 100 oval bars in box	3 cents	$2.90
German Family, 72 bars in box	3 cents	2.15
Fairbank's Standard, 60 bars in box	4 cents	2.39
Babbitt's, 100 bars in box	4 cents	4.00
Santa Claus, 100 bars in box	4½ cents	4.00
Eagle German Mottled, 60 bars in box	5 cents	3.00
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 bars in box	5 cents	3.00

WASHING POWDER, ETC.

Small Pearline	3½ cents
Large Pearline	9 cents
Small "1776"	3½ cents
Large "1776"	9 cents
Small "Amoline"	3 cents
Large "Amoline"	9 cents
Klenzine	2½ cents
Half-gallon bottles Blueing	20 cents
6-lb boxes Best Laundry Starch	35 cents
Sapolio, per cake	6½ cents
Bulk Laundry Starch, per lb	3 cents

TOILET SOAP.

Pure Cocoanut Oil, per doz	19 cents
Old Honey Toilet, per doz	35 cents
Old Glycerine Toilet, per doz	35 cents
Turkish Bath Toilet Soap, per doz	35 cents
Marechal Niel, 3 cakes in box, per box	19 cents

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN HOUSE-FURNISHINGS.

BETTER QUALITY WASH BOILER SALE.

All our boilers are made of the best quality tin, with heavy copper bottoms---best of workmanship guaranteed.

No. 8, extra heavy tin, with best quality copper bottom, each	59 cents
No. 9, extra heavy tin, with best quality copper bottom, each	69 cents
No. 8, extra quality copper rim and bottom, each	69 cents
No. 9, extra quality copper rim and bottom, each	79 cents
6-quart Preserving Kettles, extra quality tin, each	11 cents
Iron Japanned Soap Dishes for Washtubs, each	3 cents
One special lot of Reed & Barton's heavy plated Oyster, Butter and Soup Bowls, each	69 cents
2-inch burner Reliance Oil Stoves, each	38 cents
4-inch burner Reliance Oil Stoves, each	57 cents
Double 4-inch burner Single Oil Stoves, each	$1.05
Three-burner Single Oil Stoves, each	$1.35
1-quart Ice-Cream Freezers, "White Mountain," each	98 cents
6-quart Ice-Cream Freezers, "White Mountain," each	$2.27
8-quart Ice-Cream Freezers, "White Mountain," each	$2.93
10-quart Ice-Cream Freezers, "White Mountain," each	$3.90

H. R. EAGLE & CO.

68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

THOMAS MURPHY,
Formerly of Donegal Village Bar World's Fair.
FINE WHISKIES.
79 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

JAMES BURNS
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
183–189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,
Adams Express Building, Chicago.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.
John Naghten & Co,
INSURANCE.
A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies, School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.
181 LaSalle-st, Chicago
Telephone 532.

CHAS. DENNEHY & CO.,
DISTILLERS
AND
IMPORTERS
OF
FINE LIQUORS.
39 S. Water St.,
CHICAGO.

McAVOY
BREWING COMPANY
2349 South Park Avenue.
PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.
AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.
Telephone South 257.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,
Wholesale Cigars.
Sole Proprietors of
LA CARINA,
Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.
122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,
CHICAGO.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	30c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?
SEXTON THE TEA MAN
20-22 STATE STREET.
Branches { 160 CHICAGO AV. / 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

DELANEY & MURPHY,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALERS.
10 & 12 Wabash Av,
CHICAGO.
Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers n
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove engths, $6.
per cord delivered
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

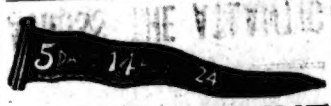
Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

H. V. GANNON. E. J. AGNEW. C. J. AMBERG.
GANNON, AGNEW & AMBERG,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
SUITE 1411 ASHLAND BLOCK,
COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.
CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.
We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.
Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.
GRAHAM & SONS,
Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON STREET.
OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.



AMERICAN LINE
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.
THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender—No tidal delays.*
Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.
Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY SATURDAY.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
IN A TRIPLE-SCREW
5 DAYS
BY THE OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD LINE
LUCANIA—CAMPANIA
The New Twin-Screw Steamships,
620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.
Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the world.
UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA SERVIA,
520 ft. Long, 8,500 Tons, 14,500 Horse Power.
and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.
TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK.
All sailing at Queenstown. This line has been running over 38 years, never lost a passenger, and has broken all records, viz:
5 Days, 5 Hours, 27 Minutes.
Unequalled Second Cabin and Steerage accommodation on all Cunard Steamers at moderate rates.
FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all Steerage passengers.
F. G. WHITING, Mgr. West. Dept., 131 Randolph St., Chicago.
Agents wanted for British and Irish business.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC,	TEUTONIC,
582 Feet., 10,000 Tons.	10,000 Tons. 582 Feet.
5 days, 15 hours, 5 min.	5 days, 15 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC,	GERMANIC,
7 days, 6 hours, 52 min.	7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.

ADRIATIC.
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.
Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.
W. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
H. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
84 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.

John O'Brien Lumber Co.,

SUCCESSORS TO O'BRIEN-GREEN CO.
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES and MOULDINGS. Send for Delivered Price Lists. Correspondence Invited.
TWENTY-SECOND AND THROOP STS. TELEPHONE CANAL 65.
Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

P. H. Heffron.
RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)
WHOLESALE
IN BOND OR TAX PAID
IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS
14 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4883.

PABST
BREWING COMPANY'S
BOTTLED BEER.
Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.
CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS
HERMAN PABST, Manager.
Sold Everywhere. Try It.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ
Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,
TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO ILL.

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.
BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER
PILSENER BEER